



T H E
A M E R I C A N M U S E U M,
O R, U N I V E R S A L M A G A Z I N E,

F O R O C T O B E R, 1790.

C O N T E N T S.

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Meteorological observations made at Philadelphia, August 1790.

Days	Barometer. Phosphoric English foot				Thermom. Farenheit		Anemo- meter. Prevailing wind.	Weather.
	In. $\frac{1}{12}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	In. $\frac{1}{12}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	D $\frac{1}{16}$	D $\frac{1}{16}$		
1	29	11 14	30	4	65 7	77 4	NE	overcast,
2	30	1 6	30	1 8	64 8	78 8	NE.E	overcast,
3	30	8	30		78 8	68	NE.E	overcast, small rain,
4	30	4	30		65 7	79 2	E.SW	overcast, fair,
5	30		29 11	8	72 5	86	SW	overcast, fair,
6	29 11 10		29 11	3	72 5	90 5	SW	fair, very warm, o-
7	30 1 4		30 1	3	72	81	SW	small rain, [vercast.
8	30 1 8		30 1	3	69	81 5	W.E	small rain,
9	29 11 13		29 11	1	68	74 7	E.S	rain, thunder,
10	29 10 12		29 11	4	71 4	84 4	W	overcast, pleasant,
11	30 1 7		30 1	5	72 5	84 9	NE.E	overcast, small rain,
12	30 2 2		30 2		73 2	84 9	SW.S	overcast, cloudy,
13	30 2 4		30 1 12		74 7	91 6	SW	fair, and very warm,
14	30 1 3		30	6	75 6	92 7	SW.W	fair,
15	30		29 11 14		77	91 6	W.SW	fair, over. thun. rain,
16	29 11 14		29 11	2	75 9	89 4	W.SW	overc. thunder, rain,
17	29 11 3		29 10	2	72 5	90 5	W.SW	fair, cloudy, thund.
18	29 8 10		29 7 14		73 6	86	W.SW	fair, small rain,
19	29 11 1		30	4	65 7	72 5	NW.N	overcast, cool,
20	30 2 2		30 2	8	61 2	75 9	N.NE	fair,
21	30 3		30 2 12		63	75 9	E.SE	overcast,
22	30 2 1		30 1 14		64 6	74 7	NE.E	overcast,
23	30 1 7		30 1		59	77 7	E.NE	fair,
24	30	2	29 11	5	58 5	79 2	W.SW	fair,
25	29 11 1		29 9	9	65 7	77	SW	overc. fair, small rain
26	29 9 11		29 10	5	68	81 5	SW.WNW	fair,
27	30		29 8 13		65 7	83 7	NE.W	overc. thunder, rain
28	29 10 5		29 11	5	69 8	82 6	W	overcast, fair,
29	30		29 11 12		68	83 7	W	fair, thunder, cloudy
30	29 11 4		30	9	72 5	72 5	NE	fair, overcast,
31	30 2 10		30 2 12		63 5	77	E	fair, overcast.

RESULTS.	Barometer.		Thermometer.		Wind.	
	21st great. elevat.	30 3	14th greatest deg. heat	92 7	SW and	
	18th least elevat.	29 7 14	24th least deg. heat	58 5	NE	
	Variation,	7 2	Variation,	34 2	fair.	
	Mean elevation,	30 6	Temperature,	75 2		

Observations on the weather in August 1790.

THE weather, during this month, was in general very warm. Towards the end, it became more pleasant—especially in the mornings and evenings; though, in the progress of the day, the heat was often so considerable, as to cause a great difference between the first and second observations, viz. before

sun rise, and at three o'clock, P. M. The motions of the barometer were regular and gradual; sudden risings and falling were not observed.

On the night of the 18th, the weather, after a warm day, became suddenly cool. Two changes rather more sudden, had been before observed here in this month. The same diseases succeeded this alteration, as followed a similar one

the 19th of August 1780. On that day, dr. Rush observes, "the air became suddenly very cool. Many hundred people in the city complained next day of different degrees of indisposition, from a sense of lassitude, to the fever of the remitting type*." On the morning of the 17th of the same month last year, the thermometer, which the preceding night had stood at ninety-two, fell to seventy-four: and the numerous subsequent cases of bilious, remitting, and intermitting fevers are perfectly recollected. A fact is also remembered of the efficacy of blisters in stopping the violent vomiting, with which they commenced their attack, and which was often so great as to prevent any efforts being made for the removal of the disease. In one case, in particular, out of a number of others, the life of the patient was in all probability preserved by their timely application. A strong hearty man was on the 20th of August seized with a chill, accompanied with nausea and vomiting; which increased by his taking an emetic; for after it had operated very violently on him, his stomach was in so irritable and weak a state, that neither nourishment nor medicines would stay on it for several days after—but were immediately vomited up. Fixed air, disengaged from salt of tartar, and boluses of the latter, given in an effervescent state, afforded only a temporary relief: the infusion of columbo root and other powerful anti-emetics, were also of little use. In this dilemma, a pair of blisters were applied to the inside of the thighs—and with the most signal advantage; for by the patient's own account, he no sooner felt the pain arising from their beginning to draw, than the vomiting stopped—his sickness at stomach left him—his fever, which from its first attack, had scarcely ever remitted, now disappeared; and by the exhibition of bark and nourishing diet, he in a short time recovered his former good state of health.

In the beginning of the present month, few acute diseases prevailed, except dysenteries, which began to appear in July, and continued to attack occasionally, until the 18th; when their pro-

gress was suddenly stopped, and they were succeeded by intermitting and remitting fevers, which continued until the end of the month. The dysenteries, however, were very slight, and readily yielded to the common mode of treatment, of gentle laxatives in the first stage of the complaint—and, after the bowels were well cleaned, anodynes to ease violent pain, and to procure rest. They, however, were never given until after the operation of the purgatives, when they were very useful; and, with light and nourishing diet, seldom failed of completing the cure.

—♦♦♦—
A character.

AS in the face, so in the character, there are certain prominent features, which give a tone to the whole. Thus, how often do we observe the agreeable in a countenance, where, to examine each feature minutely, no beauty can be discerned! With characters it is the same. Although renowned for some one virtue, yet from the compounded whole, results sometimes the amiable—alas! oftentimes the malignant. Must I say, the latter is applicable to Severa? Although nature has not denied her mental charms, still those amiable virtues, which characterise her sex, Severa knows not. That delicacy so pleasing—that sensibility which assimilates you to angels, has never warmed her soul to sympathy. No: at the sight of sorrow she smiles, and exults in the wound her malice gives. Governed by envy, she sickens at the recital of merit. Actuated by sordid self—wherever her venom touches, all virtuous fame must die.—Gratitude (nature! why so unkind?) gratitude is a stranger to her breast! for who, that has gratitude, could rend the heart, that served, cherished, loved her? who that has gratitude, could consign to sorrow, her, who with open arms received Severa to her bosom, and with the tear of gladness hailed her, friend? But I forbear. Severa attend. Hear the cries of injured innocence. All she implores, all she asks, is silence. Hark! I hear her voice, "hold that hand," she cries, "now raised to crush; oh sheathe the dagger—my wounds already bleed."

* *Med. inqu. and obs. p. 91.*

Meteorological observations made at Philadelphia, September, 1790.

Days.	Barometer. Phosphoric English foot.		Thermom. Farenheit.		Anemo- meter. Prevailing wind.	Weather.
	In. $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{16}$	In. $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{16}$	D $\frac{1}{16}$	D $\frac{1}{16}$		
1	30 2 7	30 1 5	63 5	75 9	S.S.E.SW	overcast,
2	29 11 6	29 10 6	70 2	83 7	SW	overc. small rain th.
3	30 2	30 14	66 9	77 7	NW	fair,
4	30 1 14	30 2	59	80 4	NW.SW	fair,
5	29 10 6	29 10	60 1	78 1	W	fair, flying clouds,
6	29 10 7	29 10 12	61 2	70 2	W	fair, overc. small ra.
7	30 1 11	30 2 5	54 5	72 5	N.NW.E	fair, overcast,
8	30 3	30 3	59	74 7	W.SW	fair,
9	30 3	30 3 11	64 8	81 5	NW.SE	fair, overcast,
10	30 3 5	30 2	65 7	83 7	SW	foggy, fair, warm,
11	30 2 11	30 2 7	72 5	88 2	SW.E	fair, very sultry,
12	30 4 3	30 4 4	72 5	76 5	E	some rain, overc.
13	30 4 9	30 3 12	65 7	74 7	E	overcast,
14	30 1	29 11 12	68	80 1	SW.WSW	overc. thund. rain,
15	30 6	30 4	61 2	75 4	W.NW	overcast,
16	30 1 13	30 2 14	52 2	70 2	NW	overcast, fair,
17	30 3 4	30 2 13	47 7	70 2	NW	fair,
18	30 2 14	30 2 13	50	74 7	N.	fair,
19	30 4	30 3 12	59	72 5	N.NE	overcast, fair,
20	30 2 11	30 2	54 5	71 4	N.NE	fair, overcast,
21	30 1 6	30 10	62 4	74 7	E.NE.SW	fair,
22	29 11 13	29 10 2	63	80 4	SW	fair, ra. in the night
23	30 7	30 1 5	56 7	69 1	NW	fair,
24	30 3 13	30 3 11	45 5	68	NW.SW	cool and fair,
25	30 4	30 3 5	47 7	70 9	SW	fair,
26	30 3 9	30 2 11	59	77	S.SW.S	overcast, foggy, rain
27	30 1 14	30 11	68	69 1	S	foggy, rainy,
28	29 11 14	30 1 5	61 2	68 9	N	rainy, overcast,
29	30 2 13	30 1 15	57 4	63 5	NE.E	overcast,
30	29 10 5	29 11 4	61 9	68	NE.W	rainy, cloudy.

RESULT.	Barometer.		Thermometer.		
	13th great. elevat.	30 4 9	11th great deg. heat,	88 2	
	5th least elevat.	29 10	24th least deg. heat	45 5	
	Variation,	6 9	Variation,	74 7	
	Mean elevat.	30 1 4	Temperature,	67 5	overcast,

Observations on the weather and diseases for September, 1790.

SEPTEMBER was dry and cool : the mornings were rather foggy, especially towards the latter end, and often so misty as to forebode rain, while we were favoured with a fine day : the great quantity of dew, that fell this month, made up for the deficiency of absolute rain that was observed. The barometer was in general high. The

changes in the temperature of the air from cold to heat, which often happened during this month, and sometimes in one day, made the town continue to be sickly. Valetudinarians in general, or those whose delicate state of health is apt to be injured by these vicissitudes in the weather, ought to fortify themselves by proper clothing. For this purpose, flannel shirts are extremely proper, and those who commonly

were them, but had this summer left them off, were obliged to put them on again: and several from a neglect of this caution received great injury.

The usual disease of the season, the bilious remitting fever attacked persons frequently in the course of this month: cool weather that prevailed, or rather that alternated with the warm, made it appear with inflammatory symptoms. It usually commenced with a head-ach, and chillness, succeeded by a nausea, vomiting, and a smart fever. In some an affection of the liver accompanied it; and a few were also affected with violent pleuritic stitches: this circumstance, though not a general concomitant of the disease in this country, yet is extremely frequent in warmer climates, where the complaint is much more dangerous than with us. Bleeding has been almost universally directed, as the first step in the cure, and especially for the removal of the topical affection. Authority however would have had little weight in the present case; as these affections very commonly disappear in a few days, of their own accord; the presence of other symptoms, however, which denoted a general inflammatory state of the system, made it absolutely necessary to institute the operation; and repeated experience has fully convinced us of the utility of it. Many, who had the disease but slightly, recovered without it: others, whom timidity prevented from being bled, had a very slow convalescence, and in one case death was in all probability the consequence of its omission. Gentle purges of Glauber's or Rochelle salts, were found necessary to clear the intestinal canal of the immense quantities of bile, secreted: and in some cases, where a violent nausea, and inclination to vomit, indicated the presence of that fluid in the stomach, an emetic was of great service. The fever commonly continued for the two first days with very little remission: where however it continued much longer, notwithstanding the attempts made to subdue it; a pair of blisters applied to the wrists, seldom failed of procuring a remission, and often perfect intermis-

sion; when the bark being given, the progress of the disease was soon stopped.



A letter from Monimia to her friend.

TO you, the companion of my earliest youth—to you, who shared my transient sorrows at that period, and of whose griefs I partook in turn—this letter is addressed. I purpose giving you an account of my sufferings, from the year 1775, to almost the present day. I mean to display (I hope not presumptuously) the dispensations of providence; to exhort you (if admonition be wanting) from the paths of pride, which lead us often into a wilderness of woe; to conduct you to the level road of humility, where only we can travel with contentment and safety; and in short, by exhibiting my calamities, to render you content with that condition of life, in which heaven has placed you. You well remember, that my parents, although not in affluent circumstances, educated me with a degree of indulgence, by no means suitable to my humble expectations. The petulance of my infancy was increased by their mistaken fondness. Whatever I coveted thro' childish folly, I obtained from parental weakness. The glittering bawble, for which I wept, was never denied me. My little heart even then rejoiced in all the gaudy frippery of dress. The seeds of vanity were sown to spring up in my bosom. Is it therefore to be wondered at, that they should produce a superabundant harvest?

I perfectly remember, that, when a respectable clergyman, and his equally respectable wife, ventured, on a certain occasion, to remonstrate with my parents, on their excessive indulgence to me—my father answered them with a degree of coolness, bordering on contempt—that he was in decent circumstances; that, as he had but one child, and no prospect of another, he ought to be allowed, uncensured and unquestioned, to indulge her in all innocent amusements; and that, since he never meddled with other people's concerns, he hoped, he should not be molested with unsolicited

advice in future. This retort produced the desired effect. The clergyman and his lady visited us no more. The event was extremely agreeable to me. The clergyman, I thought, had a most forbidding countenance; and I conceived his wife to possess an austere and rigid temper.

After this rebuff, which was soon spread abroad by the servants, what decent neighbour could be expected even to hint to my parents the impropriety of their conduct? One circumstance, I confess, gave me some chagrin, which however wore off in a few days. As I sat in a window, amusing myself with my doll, I overheard a young lady, about a year older than myself, thus speak to her younger sister, "upon my word, Sally, if you do not behave better, and pay more attention to your book, and your needle, you will be as great a fool and romp, as miss Monimia." I had heretofore been somewhat offended at the advice of the clergyman and his helpmate; but, with blushes I own, that I now felt a degree of animosity, bordering on a spirit of revenge. My face and bosom glowed with all the redness of rage; and at times I was ready to swoon, till nature relieved me by a plentiful shower of tears.

Convinced, that I now supplied the village with a subject of conversation, I secluded myself from company for a few days; but my vivacity, or rather pertness, returning with redoubled impetuosity, I again paraded the street; and, indulging a premature forwardness, smiled at the frowns of the grave; received, without a blush, the silly compliment of the beau; heard, with complacency, the protestations of the rake, who swore, I was as handsome as an angel; and finding no check at home, disdained all admonitions from abroad.

At length the time arrived, when I ought to have felt the hand, and acknowledged the healing power of adversity. My father failed in his business. Possessed of an aspiring mind, his spirit could not brook misfortune. In short he fell sick; and after a few days, paid the last tribute to nature. My mother

did not long survive the stroke. Oh! my honoured parents! my heart bleeds, at the recollection of your sufferings. Yet had you prudently managed your little property, you might still have cheered the heart of your daughter. You still might afford her an asylum from the frowns of the world, and the woes of poverty, aggravated by the remembrance of better days.

The executors of my father's will collected from the wreck of his property, about a hundred pounds, which, with my clothes and some trinkets, constituted all my fortune. The greater part of the money they put out at interest for my use. A maiden aunt advanced in years, who lived in the back country, hearing of my embarrassed situation, gave me a kind invitation to her house. Thither I repaired; my heart aking with distress, but my vanity not yet sufficiently mortified.

With her I remained about two years; during the former of which, my supposed accomplishments, together with the splendor of my dress, procured me some respect from her daughters, and considerable admiration from the neighbouring farmers, and their families. But in the course of the latter year, I found this respect and admiration to subside by degrees till they altogether vanished. I now was sneered at with scorn, mortified by reproach, and insulted without the most distant prospect of redress or relief.

At length the hour of my deliverance from this scene arrived. But, good heaven! what a deliverance! The Indians made an irruption into that part of the country; murdered the old and infirm, and carried the young and active into captivity.

What woes did I now experience! The shrieks of several of my acquaintance, on whom these savages glutted their thirst of revenge, still ring in my ears. My heart still shrinks, and my blood still freezes, at the recollection of their sufferings.

I was consigned to the care of a squaw, who adopted me as her daughter. In this situation, I was compell-

ed to undergo such drudgery, as I scarcely before could have conceived, a woman could endure. I laboured in the fields with the Indian women, who, during the hunting parties of the men, or their military operations, cultivate the fields, and collect the harvest. Now indeed the measure of my woes was complete. I was accused of idleness, because weak in body; and reproached with pride, because delicate in mind. But my mother, so called, protected me from actual outrage.

At length, with several other whites, I was delivered from the most cruel bondage, by the conduct and intrepidity of a gallant commander, by whose bounty I was enabled to reach Philadel-

phia, where, in the house and under the humane protection of the most amiable of her sex, I earn my bread, with decent cheerfulness, and look back with, I trust, becoming serenity on the toils of my childhood, and on the sufferings of my youth.

Let this letter, my friend, which you may read to your acquaintance, teach them and you, abhorrence of pride, and an attachment to prudence; and shew them, that those, who indulge in haughtiness at one period, may be compelled to stoop to servility at another.

I am, with all regard,

Your very affectionate,

MONIMIA.

Exports from Philadelphia to foreign ports in Europe, 1769.

			£	s
W HEAT, bushels	159,093	at 4/4	34470	3
Indian corn, bushels,	88241	at 2/	8824	2
Flour, barrels,	140048	at 32/	224,076	16
Bread, barrels,	1,950	at 25/	2,437	10
Pork, barrels,	129	at 75/	483	15
Staves,	558,500	at 60/	1,674	10
Hams, barrels,	46	at 75/	172	10
Bees wax, lbs.	5,150	at 1/	252	10
			<hr/>	
			272,391	16

Exports from Philadelphia to foreign ports in Europe, 1773.

			£	s
W HEAT, bushels	122,829	at 4/4	21,612	19
Indian corn, bushels,	70427	at 2/	7042	14
Flour, barrels,	108,623	at 32/	173,796	16
Bread, barrels,	2,336	at 25/	2,920	
Pork, barrels,	310	at 75/	1,162	10
Staves,	1,106,500	at 60/	3319	10
Hams, barrels,	103	at 75	386	5
Bees wax, lbs.	27113	at 1/	1355	13
Fish, quintals,	51	at 9/.	495	
			<hr/>	
			£212,155	7

Imports into Philadelphia, from foreign ports in Europe, 1773.

M ADEIRA wine, tons,	355 $\frac{1}{2}$	at £ 60	£21,315	0
Salt, bushels,	154,232	at 1s.	7,711	12
			<hr/>	
			29,026	12

JOHN PATTERSON, D. Collector.

FOR THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Remarks on capital punishments.

MESS. EDITORS,

AN oration, on the unlawfulness and impolicy of capital punishments," has been ushered into the world through the channel of your Museum*. As the principles, which it inculcates, are fraught with mischief to the peace, order, and happiness of society, they are a proper subject of public animadversion.

In the following remarks, I will state, as briefly as possible, the divine warrant for the execution of murderers, and will examine the arguments, with which the "citizen of Maryland" supports the contrary doctrine.

It is a well founded maxim, that rules for action, prescribed in the three great periods of the church, viz. before, under, and after, the law of Moses, under the gospel, are of general and invariable obligation. To this class belongs the punishment of murder with death, as we shall presently see.

I. Before the law, God plainly revealed his will to Noah and his sons, on that important point: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; *for in the image of God made he man.*" Gen. ix. 6. This positive precept demolishes, at a blow, the fanciful hypothesis, with which the orator of Maryland is so highly pleased. He is candid enough to slip over a passage so unfavourable to his opinion, and supposes, if he can suppose it, that the force of every argument drawn from divine institution, and urged to prove the justice of capital punishments, rests on the Jewish laws only.

Some have attempted to set aside the precept just quoted, by transforming it into a simple prediction. This wonderful criticism, extended a little further, would annihilate the obligation of the whole moral law. Our thrifty casuists might probably find exercise for their invention, if they would endeavour to give us a tolerable reason for the addition and connexion of these words, "for in the image of God made he man." What is the meaning of the

verse immediately preceding? "And surely your blood of your lives will I require—at the hand of every man, &c. will I require the life of man." To require blood at one's hand, is a common scripture phrase, signifying to punish the crime of unjustly shedding it, and that, with the loss of the offender's life: see Ezekiel xxxiii. 6, 8, 9.

But whether by prediction, or by precept, all, it seems, agree, that murder is to be expiated with death. If the text be a prophecy only, then must the murderer suffer, either by God's immediate hand, or by his minister, the civil magistrate. The former, it is evident, seldom happens; the latter therefore follows of course. It will be of no avail to say, that, though the event be foretold, man has a guilty agency in its accomplishment. The most eagle-eyed commentator will hardly see, in the expression "for in the image of God made he man," human guilt as the direct cause of a murderer's execution. God declares it shall be his own work: "I will require, &c." but he cannot be the author of sin.

II. Under the law, the institutions, which God gave to the Israelites, were of two sorts—such as were typical and temporary, and such as are of general morality and unceasing obligation. To the former class belonged the Jewish peculiarities of every kind. Of these the use and intention are completely fulfilled in the person and offices of Christ, and the new testament church. These, therefore, and only these, were to be abolished. Now the punishment of murder with death, can, by no criticism or construction, be ranked among the figures or peculiarities of the Judaic economy: it is therefore the temporal sanction of a branch of the moral law. This branch is the sixth commandment. Our adversaries acknowledge—they dare not deny—that the penalty, which, in the Jewish state, formed its sanction, was the death of a murderer. So speaks the Governor of the universe: "Ye shall

NOTE.

* Vol. VII. No. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Y

take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, who is guilty of death; but he shall surely be put to death." Numb. xxxv. 31. see also verses 16, 17, 18, 21, and Exod. xx. 14.

As these texts are the evident application of the sixth commandment—and as that application depended on no circumstances peculiar to the Jewish dispensation—I conclude, that the punishment of murder with death, was not an institution purely Mosaic, and, therefore, that it is universally and perpetually binding.

III. Under the gospel, capital punishments are not only allowed, but required. Of this position, the inference drawn in the last paragraph, from the nature of the moral law, of which the penalty must extend as far as the obligation, is full proof. Our Lord also says, (Mat. v. 17, 18.) "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil; for verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot, or one tittle, shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Christ came, we are elsewhere told, to "magnify the law, and make it honourable." How? by remitting its obligation, or annulling its penalties? certainly not: but, in one respect, by bringing men's lives to the obedience of its precepts.

We may now consider the reasoning of the citizen of Maryland, against the justice of capital punishments. A refutation of every thing he has said, would lead me into a detail, too tedious to please, and too frivolous to edify, the reader. I will endeavour to prove the fallacy of his leading principles only, since deductions from them, must necessarily follow their fate.

In attempting to parry the mortal thrust, which the sixth precept of the decalogue, as explained, and enforced by God himself, aims at the very vitals of his system, our author is miserably perplexed. Is it fancy, or does the gentleman, to account for the punishment of murder with death among the Jews, really tell us, that "their government was a theocracy? that their laws, whether we regard them in a moral, religi-

ous, or political view, were plainly adapted, by the all-wise framer of them, to the singular case of that people, in order to separate them from the pagan world; to preserve among them the seeds of true religion?" &c*.

Reader, remember, that this is the same writer, who declares capital punishments "to be one of the standing monuments of human error, and equally repugnant to humanity, religion, and good government*." Humanity, religion, and good government, are the same, in every period of time; and all the institutions of God must be, like himself, "holy, just, and good." But our wiser author, notwithstanding his professions, is modest enough to pronounce, as positively as implication can pronounce, the theocracy, or divine government of the Jews, a stupid, a cruel, a sanguinary constitution. Advert, I pray you, to his consistency: capital punishments are "repugnant to religion and good government," and yet, as a part of the Jewish laws, "they were plainly adapted to preserve, among that people, the seeds of true religion, and to separate them from the pagan world," &c. By the way, if capital punishments be such a crying iniquity as our author pretends, and were appointed to separate the Jews from Pagans, the bloody distinction reflected very little credit on the justice and goodness of their God. But if the gentleman will not acknowledge this sentiment, he must certainly mean, that, in the Jewish state, capital punishments were necessary, to prevent and to punish great crimes. There is very little ground to think that mankind are much better now than then: and the Hebrews must have used very magical ropes, if hanging a man amongst them, produced an effect directly opposite to the effect, which, if we will believe our author, it must produce amongst us. How speedily does error seal her own condemnation!

Our benevolent orator is sorely grieved by the remark, that capital pu-

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* American Museum, Vol. VII. p. 69. † Idem p. 7.

nishments must be consistent with justice and morality, otherwise God would not have enjoined them*." Than this, he could not have fixed on a more stubborn plea, and his answer declares that he found it of very hard digestion. Hear what he says: "though the laws of virtue be eternal and immutable, yet we cannot deny, that the Almighty has the power of dispensing with his own laws; or, to speak more properly, that he may, for wise reasons known to himself alone, require and justify actions in some of his creatures, which, in others, who are in different circumstances, would not only be unjustifiable, but highly criminal†." To say, that a law eternal and immutable, may be dispensed with, is certainly very odd language! Indeed the gentleman himself does not appear quite satisfied with it, and therefore tells us, that he will speak more properly. No doubt his expression greatly needs amendment; but there is a wide difference between God's dispensing with his law, or his requiring and justifying, in one of his creatures, an action, which in another would be highly criminal. However, be that as it may, unless the moral law is affected by the dispensation here mentioned, the gentleman's argument is not worth a straw. Indeed it is worth little more at any rate. The possibility of such a dispensation is absolutely denied. Will the gentleman say, that God may, if he please, dispense with the first and third commandments, so as to make idolatry, and the profanation of his holy name, a matter of duty! But supposing the dispensation, from which the orator seems to promise himself great relief, possible; how the sovereignty of the Almighty proves the unlawfulness of capital punishments, is a point which lies not quite level to every one's capacity. If I can reach the force of what the gentleman has now advanced, it is, that he cannot tell why capital punishments were required and justified among the Jews, (he has lost the sagacity he had a

few minutes ago) though he plainly sees, that they could not have existed without a dispensation of the law of God. The orator's doctrine is precisely this, that the Almighty prescribed a law for the moral conduct of the Jews, and instantly enacted another, to suspend one of the most material branches of its operation—and for what was it suspended? Why truly, to authorize a practice, "equally repugnant to humanity, religion, and good government," and therefore repugnant to the divine perfections. If this be shocking, let the blame be laid where it ought—upon our author. But clearly to evince the weakness of his curious fiction, I observe, that the suspension of any divine law is an act of divine sovereignty. Now the sovereignty of God cannot be a rule to regulate the actions of his creatures. But that murder should be punished with death, was a rule for action in the civil polity of the Jews: therefore such punishment was not the effect of any suspension, or dispensation of the divine law.

The cases, by which our author supports his doctrine, are vilely misrepresented, and are nothing to the purpose. I would not notice them, did they not manifest, that he can "strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." We are told, that without supposing a dispensation of the divine law, "it would be difficult to account for the plurality of wives among the patriarchs—Jacob's defrauding his elder brother, Esau—the extermination of the Amorites from the land of promise; and many other achievements in sacred history, expressly sanctioned by divine authority‡." And is this our author's reverence for the *majesty of heaven*? To palm upon him the crimes of sinful men! To transform the God of purity and truth, into the patron of adultery, and the prompter of lies! and to pretend divine authority, for his blasphemy! Let the reader judge to whom belongs the caution to "be-ware of charging God foolishly." Had

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* Idem, p. 69. † P. 69. 70.

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‡ Page 70.

the gentleman thought proper to mention any "other achievements," I suppose he would have produced "divine authority," for the incest of Lot, and David's guilty conduct in the affair of Uriah.

In the edict for destroying the Canaanites, our author imagines the divine law was dispensed with. My bible tells me a very different story. The possession of Canaan was denied to Abraham, "because the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full." (Gen. xv. 16.) His posterity were commanded to extirpate them—why?—"That they teach you not to do after all their abominations." (Deut. xx. 18) Hence it is plain, that the divine law, instead of undergoing a dispensation, was rigorously executed. Nor can we assert the contrary, without maintaining, that the abominations of the Amorites were agreeable to that law.

After a most pathetic apostrophe has whetted the spirit, and heated the zeal of our orator, he triumphantly exclaims, that "no one will pretend to adduce, from the new testament, any positive injunction of inflicting death for crimes."* He must mean, that we cannot produce such an injunction in so many words; and if this argument be good for any thing, it is equally conclusive against civil punishment in any shape. However, to the New testament be our appeal. The following passage does not look much like a disapprobation of capital punishments. "If thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doth evil." (Rom. xiii. 4.) If the apostle do not here recognize the civil magistrate's power to take away the lives of notorious criminals, words have no meaning. No figure is more common, than to designate, by the sword, the authority of punishing crimes with death. If, therefore, capital punishments be "a standing monument of human error," we must lay the blame at the door of Christ and his apostles, who led mankind into this error. Had

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* Page 70.

Paul been under the wise and humane tuition of our author, he would have learned to express himself with more propriety than he has done; he would have armed the civil magistrate, not with a sword, but with chains and switches.

(To be continued.)

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*Warner Miffin's address to congress.
To the delegated representatives of the
united states, respectively,*

REQUESTING your favourable attention to, and candid consideration of, my religious concern, on account of that cruelly-oppressed part of our fellow men, the people of Africa—feeling my mind deeply affected with the injuries they suffer; and much interested in the national character of America, my native country, which I sincerely desire may, by a disinterested adherence to public justice and the common rights of man, be dignified with distinguished lustre, as a light to surrounding powers and empires—not content with acknowledging, in the pomp of verbal expression, that it is 'righteousness, which exalteth a nation;' but more nobly testifying to the sacred verity of this interesting position, by the real exercise of unfeigned public virtue.

I trust, I am entitled to credit, from the candid and liberal-spirited, when I say, it was not the desire of honour or applause from men, that induced me to leave my home and near connexions, for near two months, to solicit your attention to the violated rights of humanity—but a sense of the duty I owe not only to this injured people, but also to my country and countrymen, to whose sincere welfare this great cause of common right has an essential relation—a cause, which I firmly believe to be of at least equal importance, with any that has ever come under the deliberation of your body; and it is therefore my fervent request, that no motives of unsound policy, no partial or inferior considerations, may divert you from giving it that serious and unprejudiced attention, it rightfully claims. If we not only acknowledge, but really believe the Almighty disposer of events to be just and

equal in all his ways, and that he assuredly takes cognizance of human actions, from him we have reason to expect that measure to be meted to us, that we measure out to others. Let rational reflection have free entertainment, unobscured by the fascinating influence of political subtilities; and surely the simple feelings of an honest mind will shew the absurdity of national declamation, against the cruelties of a vindictive Indian foe, in the western parts of this continent, while, on the same floor of our federal assembly, the more savage barbarity, exercised eastward, is vindicated with the heated zeal of self-interested partiality. Weighing things of public concernment in this unequal balance, is, I believe, productive of what, abstractly viewed, must appear a strange incongruity—that the same men, when turning their attention to the sufferings of their countrymen, in our cold northern climes, shall find their spirits susceptible of an animating warmth; yet on turning their view to the sultry regions of Africa, shall become as it were instantaneously changed into a frozen insensibility; under the prevalence whereof, though unkind reflexions have been personally aimed at me, and ungenerous aspersions thrown out against the christian community, whereof I am a member, I may, with truth and reverence, acknowledge, that I believe, it has been through divine favour, that my mind has been preserved free from resentment against those, who, for want of better arguments, have manifested so much littleness of spirit; and I desire not to be so unreasonable, as to cherish any unfriendly sensations towards those, who have done our religious society so much honour, as, by reviling us, to hope to defend the cause of injustice and violence. Good will, towards them and all men, is the ground of our perseverance, in seeking the relief of the oppressed, wherein if we have been steadfast, we have, we apprehend, been influenced by a religious sense of duty, and conscientiously shown all due respect to government, and a disinterested concern for the public weal, toward which we believe it in the power of peaceable men, under the

government of the blessed gospel principles, to contribute as amply and effectually, as any, who affect to consider us, and disingenuously endeavour to represent us, as useless to civil community, because of our dissent from that faith and confidence in the arm of flesh, which is congenial with the degenerate spirit of ambition and strife, and set up in the world, above that true christian faith, which is evidenced by the peaceable fruits of righteousness, meekness, brotherly kindness and charity—temper truly noble and amiable, and irreconcilable with the vindictive spirit of war, or with the sordid and dishonest practice of trading in the life and liberty of fellow men. When a religious body of people are scoffingly and opprobriously reviled, for their professed belief in, and adherence to, that divine christian principles, which both teaches and enables to overcome evil with good—does it not become the soberly considerate and well-meaning, impartially to reflect, whether such scoffers and revilers do not, either blindly or wilfully, reproach the christian religion? If as a people resigned to divine disposal, confiding in divine protection, and manifesting a consistent care, that instruments of violence be not found in our habitation, that attentive diligence be exercised, to improve the opportunities afforded to promote mercy, equity, peace and harmony among mankind—if a patient pursuit of this line of duty be considered as offensive to those maxims of political expedience, idolized by the wisdom of this world, I am not ashamed to acknowledge myself one of that class of offenders; nor think myself dishonoured by the haughty contempt of those, who found their boast of usefulness in the world, on their attachment to the exercise of arms, or what, in their creed, is styled military virtue. And as a member of that religious society, who, as a body, adhere to our christian self-denying testimony against war and strife (however some individuals under our name may have departed from it) I think it not impertinent, on this occasion, to remark a peculiar want of candour in our adversaries, who, when en-

deavouring to lessen us, on account of our attachment to the precepts and example of the blessed prince of peace, are scarce ever known to do us the justice of acknowledging, that, whatever persecutions we have suffered for conscience sake, we have never been found justly chargeable with engaging or being concerned in any plots, conspiracies, or insurrections, against any government, which divine providence has permitted to be set over us; but have laboured, at least equally with any other body of people, for the support of civil order, peace, and concord; so that, with due submission, I do conceive, that (notwithstanding the unreasonable censures of despotic spirits, who contend for slavery, and thereby evidence a contracted narrowness of sentiment, respecting equal liberty and the rights of men) we have never forfeited our just claim to the attention of the legislative and executive powers of government, when, in compliance with duty, we are induced to offer or urge to their consideration, our sense and religious concern, respecting those public objects, which affect the well-being either of our christian community in particular, or that of civil society in general.

And although it ought to be acknowledged, your house of representatives, as a house, and generally in your more private capacity, paid a friendly and favourable attention to our yearly meeting's address, on the African trade, and gave a kind reception to the committee, who attended therewith; yet, in contemplation of what occurred during the public deliberation and debate on the subject, and the state, in which the matter was left, I have thought, as one of that committee, that it might conduce to the satisfaction of my own mind, thus to communicate to you respectively, as individual members of the federal body, what has presented itself to my view on the occasion; believing it to be clearly in the power of the legislature of the united states, greatly to obstruct the purposes of avarice, in the pursuit of this iniquitous traffic, if not to put an effectual stop thereto, without

infringing the constitutional right of any branch of confederation; and am free to add, that the honour of the countries you represent, the public weal thereof, the public voice of the people, and the interesting nature of the case, loudly demand of you, as a duty of first consideration in fulfilling the important trust reposed in you, to exert vigorous endeavours, to the utmost of your power, to remove the foul guilt and reproach from our land. That thus you may fill your eminent station with encreasing dignity, and that an increase of social concord and happiness may be experienced throughout the extent of the countries you represent, as the effect of your wisdom and public virtue, is the unfeigned desire of

Your sincere friend,

WARNER MIFFLIN.

Philadelphia, 2d. 6th mo. 1790.

A sketch of the nature and causes of diseases, explained upon scientific principles.

NUMBER I.

AS the analytic method, which begins by resolving things, as far as possible, into their constituent parts, and then examining these in their separate state, is the way which has led to the most important discoveries which have been made in natural philosophy, I shall adopt the same mode in my present researches, in hopes of finding out the true nature and causes of diseases. And as symptoms are the constituent or component parts of diseases, I shall first enumerate them, and then make an attempt to explain their causes. The number of general symptoms may be readily determined, by first taking an observation of the several conditions and phenomena, which result from the general regularity of the animal economy; and then by examining the deviation and opposition to these conditions, which prevail in the system.

The signs, by which we judge that the animal economy is in a state of health, and conducted with regularity, are these:

1. When the degree of animal heat is such, that it neither falls below, nor rises above, that degree, which gives a pleasant and agreeable sensation.

2. When the appetites relish their natural objects, and return in moderation at stated seasons and intervals.

3. When there is neither sense of pain nor foreboding.

4. When there is no sense of irritation or itching.

5. When sleep is natural, refreshing, and undisturbed by troublesome or terrifying dreams.

6. When there is no sense of weight, stricture, or oppression, about the region of the heart.

7. When the breathing is perfectly free and easy.

8. When the voluntary motions, depending on the action of the muscles, can be performed agreeably to the will, with ease, readiness, and due degrees of strength.

9. When the feeling is natural, or suited to its object, and the several organs of external sense receive and transmit the different impressions to which they are peculiarly adapted, in a proper and moderate degree.

10. And lastly, when the organs of internal sense are all in that natural and perfect state, which enables the mind to perceive clearly, and judge truly, concerning the impressions that are made, or of the ideas which arise, in consequence of the powers of memory and imagination.

Now if we enquire what are the deviations from, and opposites to, these ten conditions, or general signs of health, we shall find, in the first place, that the extremes, with respect to a moderate and pleasant degree of animal heat, must be the uneasy sensation of—1st. excessive heat.—2d. excessive cold.

Hence arise two species of simple morbid affection, constituting two general symptoms of disease. The deviations from, or the opposites to, a natural appetite, must be a disrelish or loathing of the proper objects; whence arises a third general symptom, consisting of that uneasy sensation, usually expressed

by the word sickness; or when, the appetites become so unnaturally keen as to create distress from excess of desire, whence come violent thirst, fumes canina, &c. The latter is rare: but distressing thirst is so common, that it may be considered as the fourth of the general morbid symptoms. Pain and itching are opposite to the third and fourth healthy conditions, and their natural attendant, or consequence, restlessness, or inability to sleep; and an extraordinary unnatural and morbid propensity to sleep, are opposites to the fifth condition of general health.

An oppression and sense of straitness, about the precordia, called anxiety, is the opposite to the sixth, and difficulty of breathing is so to the seventh condition.

Weakness and relaxation of the muscular fibres, commonly called atony, so as not to leave strength sufficient properly to support the body, and obey the dictates of the will, and their opposite, spasm or convulsion, when the muscles act contrary to the will, and sometimes exert appearances of extraordinary degrees of strength, are all deviations from, and opposite to, the eighth condition of health; and, being added to the preceding, make the eleventh, and twelfth general symptoms of disease.

Insensibility with respect to the application or impression of external objects; and its opposite affection, a too high degree of sensibility, or unnatural proneness to irritation, constitute a thirteenth and fourteenth general morbid symptom, which are deviations from, and opposite to, the ninth condition of health. To these must be added, as the fifteenth and last, that general disturbance, and disorder of the internal senses, called delirium, when the faculties of the mind cannot be regularly or properly exercised, but the several powers of memory, imagination, and judgment, are weakened, confused or perverted.

Each of these fifteen species of morbid distress or affection, may be considered in the abstract, as capable of existing, one independent of another; but whenever they do exist, they affect the

whole frame, and disturb the general regularity of the animal economy. Hence they are called general symptoms, in order to distinguish them from those affections, that are only local, and spring from the disorder of particular parts of the body. For if not one of these general symptoms be present in any particular person, that person must be allowed to be in health, as to the animal economy in general, though he may, notwithstanding, labour under some disorder of a particular organ. For example, a person may be affected with a slight cough, or diarrhoea; but unless either of these is accompanied with some one or more of the fifteen general morbid symptoms, it is not to be considered, as an idiopathic or general disease, since we are certain, that so long as every one of these fifteen complaints can be kept off, so long will the body remain free from any important suffering.

As certain symptoms, both general and local, are usually observed to combine and accompany each other; (because they flow from similar changes in the state of the animal motions;) these assemblages are distinguished by differ-

ent names, such as fever, pleurisy, dysentery, &c. thus making up the entire catalogue of diseases. To know how to distinguish these combinations, and the source from whence they spring, is the only true foundation of rational practice; because in our attempts to relieve sick people, we seldom regard particular symptoms, or any single species of the distress; but rather having found out the source of the whole assemblage, strike at the root, and endeavour to rectify what is amiss with respect to the animal motions. But this knowledge cannot be attained, without considering the nature and consequences of each of the general symptoms apart, and discovering what it is, that gives rise to them; for having considered these singly, and investigated their causes, then by comparing things afterwards, we may readily perceive how many of these symptoms spring from one source, and consequently come to understand how it happens, that such and such are, as it were, inseparable, or constantly run together in the same assemblage.

[To be continued.]

SELECTED PROSE.

Wit and beauty. An allegory.

IN that infancy of the world, which the poets have styled the golden age—when every meadow wore a perpetual verdure, and honey dropped from every oak—when the language of each swain was constancy and love, and the eyes of his shepherds spoke nothing but compliance—when, like the trees under which they sat, the blossoms of benevolence budded in all their looks, and at the same time the fruits of it ripened in all their actions; the gods themselves would often condescend to visit the earth, and share with mankind that happiness which they gave them. Apollo then would have thought it no punishment to tend the herds of Admetus; nor would Vulcan, though banished from heaven, have regretted any

thing but his lameness. One evening, as the former of these deities was wandering through Cyprus, he met by chance with the goddess of the place; when, the season and the country inspiring him with love, he eloquently urged his amorous suit. She, being under no engagements to the latter, heard him not undelighted; and, as she was utterly unacquainted with the artful coyness and reluctant delays of the moderns,

— to a myrtle bower
He led her, nothing loth.

MILTON.

The fruits of this interview were two girls; the elder of whom, inheriting the vivacity, sprightliness, and sense of Apollo, was called WIT. When the

younger grew up, the resemblance she bore to Venus, was so striking, that it was difficult to distinguish them; and her bloom was so fresh, her complexion so clear, and all her features so completely regular, that, in a full assembly of the Gods, it was unanimously agreed to call her BEAUTY. After what has been said, it may be needless to add, that Wit was the father's favourite, and Beauty the mother's. Wit, by her ready jokes and innocent pleasantry, would frequently extort a smile from Jupiter himself; not but that she would sometimes carelessly play with her father's arrows, to the no small hazard of wounding herself and those that were near her. This, joined to a mischievous disposition, made her be narrowly watched by her parents, and Venus was often obliged to confine her to her own dressing room; which however was no great punishment to her, as she there enjoyed the company of Beauty—these sisters being no less twins by inclination, than by birth—for it was observed, that Beauty was always most agreeable, and shone to greatest advantage, when Wit was by; and Wit herself found her pleasantry much more relished, when it was uttered in the presence of Beauty. The latter (as we hinted before) was always in waiting at her mother's toilet, as none of her attendants were so skilled in the fashions, or knew so well what head-dress suited her best, or where a patch would be most becoming. Wit, on the contrary, was so entirely ignorant of all these essentials, as sometimes to appear in a gown of her great-grandmother Cybele's; she was in short, a very sloven, and had so little regard to the female *minutiae* or delicacies of dress, that Venus used often to tell her, Nature had mistaken her sex.

Thus Beauty and Wit led, for many years, a life of tranquillity and happiness among the Gods; not but that sometimes the charms of a mortal would induce them to visit the earth. But at last Beauty grew so vain and conceited of her own charms, as openly to jeer at the other goddesses; and once proceeded so far, as to call Diana a homely

prude. Wit too was so flippant with her tongue, as to transgress the bounds, which Pallas (who had taken a sort of fancy to the girl) had often prescribed her; nor was she a scrupulous observer of truth, being prevailed on, by a female friend, called Slander, to insinuate to Jupiter an unlikely story of a blind Grecian (in reality a gallant of her own) who, she told him, was intimate with all the Muses. Many other complaints of this kind being daily made, he at length banished them both from Olympus.

Being sentenced to dwell for ever on the earth, long they wandered about, uncertain where they should settle. At last, through some misunderstanding, the sisters parted. Wit lived, for some time, very happily in Greece, till the fruitfulness of the soil and mildness of the climate invited her over to Italy. There too she dwelt, still pleased and pleasing, 'till the irruption of the Goths, and the desire of seeing her sister, obliged her to remove. After travelling long in search of Beauty, she at length found her. She found her indeed, but in a situation she by no means approved of, surrounded by a crowd of admirers; and being taken with a splendid outside, of all the addresses, she seemed most to encourage those of a glittering coxcomb, called Wealth. In spite of her sister's remonstrances, she married him. But though they were as unhappy, as Wit had foreseen they would be, yet, as they had a numerous progeny, she consented to undertake the care of the sons, while Beauty had an eye to the education of the daughters. But she, being desirous of marrying them to some sons that Wealth had by his former wife Vanity, attended only to their dress, their shape, and their air; and withal grew so fond of them, that they would certainly have been spoiled, if she had not prevailed on her sister to undertake their management too. She, leaving to Beauty their outward accomplishments, applied herself to the improvement of their minds. To Beauty they owed their natural endowments, to Wit their acquired ones; to the former they were indebted for the symmetry of their features, to the

latter (assisted by Pallas) for the delicacy of their taste. And even in their old age, when their mother had entirely abandoned them, Wit still continued to render them amiable, by the help of her handmaid, Good-humour, who smoothed every wrinkle, diffused over their faces a youthful bloom, and made them beloved, even in the decline of life, for sweetness of temper and affability of manners, enlivened with easy cheerfulness and innocent mirth.

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Essay on contentment in prosperity.

Laudat diversa sequentes. HOR.
THERE are very few questions, which have more puzzled philosophers, than one in particular, relating to the regimen of ourselves in prosperity and adversity. The contest was never finally determined, whether it was the greater bravery, to moderate ourselves in plenty, or to bear up with constancy under the pressure of want. The dispute, I think, is not very material; but the necessity of contentment appears manifestly from both sides, in order to enjoy any felicity in either condition.

Murmuring and complaint generally proceed from the difference of men's situation in life. The sordid are apprehensive, they shall never have enough; and the profuse want more, to animate their extravagance. Those, who have but small fortunes, cannot relish the scantiness of moderation; grandeur and gaiety do not always sit easy on the wealthy; and the necessitous are dissatisfied, that they are exposed to the severity of indigence.

A strange variety of passions thus daily distract the human mind; and for want of knowing how to be easy, too many make themselves miserable. But all these repinings are in reality criminal: man is properly his own tormentor; he disquiets himself in vain; and, by neglecting the practice of one easy virtue, he never tastes the fruits of genuine contentment. To regulate our desires, and limit our pleasures, is what I mean by contentment in a plentiful

condition—a state, which requires great circumspection, to keep the passions from running into excess!

Prosperity is a trying and dangerous state, in which, as we exercise our judgment, we shall display either the greatest folly, or the most exemplary wisdom. Good fortune is apt to delude us with its smiles, and strangle us in its embraces. It unbends the mind, and slackens the powers of it; and by a fraudulent gratification of sense, it insensibly steals away the use of our reason. Many have stood inflexible under the shock of poverty, who have afterwards fallen a sacrifice in a plentiful fortune.

Flattery frequently prevails, when blows are ineffectual; and temptations to a fatal security are too prevalent, when the mind is lulled into carelessness and neglect. We apprehend no difficulty, because we feel none; and we promise ourselves safety, because a treacherous confidence blinds us to our danger.

But when fortune smiles, let us rouse up our circumspection. Our passions then require a tight rein, lest our actions should hurry us into intolence and presumption. Confidence in our possessions is too apt to obliterate the remembrance of duty; and too great an opinion of our own merit sometimes creates a forgetfulness of our dependence on God.

The desires, it is plain, have a tendency to violence; and an easy affluence, instead of satisfying, pushes them on to further gratification. When the heart is thus enlarged, and the spirits too volatile, we are naturally inclined to embark in new undertakings: we are insensible of any difficulties, which should stop us in our career; and, for want of proper restraint, our desires hurry us into extravagance, which seldom ends in any thing but ruin.

Thus fallen from the summit of grandeur, we shall become the objects of scorn and contempt. Whilst our fields stood thick with corn, and our garner abounded with all manner of store, the sycophants were ready to attend our tables—in our ears with

compliment, and try to persuade us that we were more than men: but no sooner is the scene changed, and a sad alteration appears in our circumstances, than these infamous wretches all vanish, and like vermin, which fly from a tottering house—forsake and vilify us in our misfortunes.

The virtue of contentment, in the midst of prosperity, seems in this point very necessary, as it tends to preserve a good fortune in hand, and to prevent a shame, which must be grating, on the loss of it. A strict vigilance would keep passion within due bounds. Our fall from an elevated station might be prevented by an evenness of temper, and a proper circumspection; but, for want of it, our misfortune will be reflected on, without remorse; and the invidious will rejoice, and persecute us with severity. In short, let us embrace contentment—let us restrain our passions—experience will soon convince us, that such conduct is most conducive to our temporal as well as our eternal welfare. Then we shall relish our enjoyments, without surfeiting, and have a true taste of the delights of life, without neglecting the duties of christianity.



Letter of a reformed libertine.

—Decepta cupidine falso. HOR

MAN is a thinking and rational being; else he could not be accountable for his actions: and yet, from a survey of his general conduct, one would scarcely imagine, he ever thought or reasoned at all. The happiness of old age in a great measure depends on the regularity of youth; but what little forecast is there discernible in young men, to make that reasonable and happy provision! Heat and passion are, generally speaking, their bosom-counsellors: few have judgment enough, to discern what is commendable; and fewer have prudence, to correct their follies. Inconstancy, and want of thought, appear in every action: they follow the bent of present inclination, without sense of duty, friendship, or gratitude. They are al-

together impatient of instruction and reproof, and deaf to the commands of reason and virtue. In short, they are slaves to the irregular motions of passion; and false pleasure is their principal delight.

I have been carried into these reflexions, by a very dear-bought experience of the reality and truth of them. I had the happiness to be born to a fortune, sufficient to have supported me in the progress of any study; and was blest with parts, so lively and quick, that my neglect of application can be imputed to nothing more than their vivacity. I read men, more than books; but it was my misfortune to make an improper choice. The serious and thoughtful were dull and insipid to me; the gay and lively were the companions I most admired. My fortune enabled me to keep a slender equipage; and my ill-chosen friends gave me encouragement, and help, to hasten the consumption of it. Schemes of gallantry captivated my very soul; and if any unwelcome thought ever stole in upon me to chastise my conduct, drinking was the remedy—though a deceitful one—to drive from my mind such an intruding fiend. Two beastly deities became the only objects of my adoration: I rose up early, to follow strong drink; and nocturnal debauchery too often enflamed me. The inconveniences of both, however, gave a happy turn to my thoughts; and the decay of my fortune awakened my reason, and was very instrumental in ripening my judgment.

I now thought it time to recover what I had lost. I applied myself, with diligence, to the study of the law; in a few years I was called to the bar, and became eminent enough, to recall my wasted fortune, with a plentiful interest. I now live without practice; and can review all that I have done for others, without any reason to repent, that I have enriched myself. My only penance—and I apprehend, nothing but death will end it—is my suffering for follies, committed, when I had no thought. My body, in almost every

vessel of it, daily reproaches me; and every alteration of the air adds severity to my pains. In this particular, I am esteemed as a well-regulated barometer; and more application could not be made to me, if I had the sole power of the weather. Not a soul will stir, either on a journey, or a party of pleasure, before he is satisfied from me, whether he must take his furtout with him. I do not doubt, were I to take but moderate fees for my advice in this single point, that I should soon acquire an immense fortune.

These hints, I assure you, are not made to encourage youthful debauchery, in order to acquire such knowledge from experience; for I can safely satisfy you, that nothing in reality can be a dearer purchase. I intend these reflexions rather as dissuaves from such malignant poison, too apt to spread itself amongst unthinking youth. And if the certainty of these observations tend to the preservation of any from the like misfortune, I shall be contented to be made a weather-glass to the day of my death. My pains, instead of receiving comfort from an addition of companions in misery, will be very much assuaged, if the terror of them keep others from deserving the same.

B———

The folly of affectation. By the rev. Joseph Latbrop, of Springfield, Connecticut.

NOTHING conduces more to render a person agreeable, than easy and graceful manners. That our manners may be graceful, they must be natural; for actions, that are forced, are stiff and awkward, and therefore disgusting. The use of education is, not to transform, but to polish nature, and to eradicate accidental ill habits. The same gestures in behaviour, and the same tone of voice in speaking, that might be agreeable enough in one person, would offend in another: because, being differently formed, they must, while they follow nature, speak and act differently. Affectation is an attempt to be, or appear to be, something dif-

ferent from ourselves, and to assume graces, in our behaviour and conversation, of which we are not capable. It is the same thing in manners, as hypocrisy in religion. It is a folly chiefly incident to youth; it generally wears off, by age and acquaintance with mankind. It is always disgusting, not only as it is unnatural, but especially as it indicates a trifling vanity of mind. It usually takes its rise from a fondness to imitate some person, that is admired for superior accomplishments. It is commonly blind and undiscerning, and adopts the infirmities and peculiarities of the person admired, as readily, as his beauties and graces.

Curiatius is a gentleman of rank and fortune. His form is comely, his aspect engaging, and his natural good sense and lively genius are much improved, by a polite education, and an extensive knowledge of the world. He can be agreeable in all companies, without descending to the vices or follies of any.

In conversation he is always entertaining and instructive, never assuming or loquacious. He can be humorous, without departing from innocence; and witty, without ridiculing religion, or aspersing characters. He never mortifies any in his company, by seeming indifferent to what they say, nor offends them by direct contradiction; he rather insinuates, than imposes his sentiments. His language is pure and accurate, but not laboured; his temper is calm, but not unfeeling; his behaviour is respectful, but not fawning. Stolidus is a youth of family and fortune; but his genius, taste and education rise not above mediocrity. He is little acquainted with books, less with men; his form is clumsy, and his manners stiff; yet he is intolerably vain; and ambitious of nothing so much, as to be thought a polite gentleman. Curiatius is the admiration of all his acquaintances; and for this reason, Stolidus admires him too, and employs all his attention, to speak and act like him. When he walks, he strains every muscle, to imitate Curiatius's natural and easy gait. He cocks

his hat in the same manner, and elevates it the same number of degrees. He could smile or laugh decently enough, if he would be content to do it naturally; but affectation has changed his laugh into neighing, and his smiles into grinning. He flabbers his clothes a dozen times in an evening, by his fruitless efforts to spit like Curiatus; and exhaults the glands of his mouth, by continual excretions, because Curiatus has a habit of spitting frequently. When he talks, he usually makes bad grammar, and often worse sense; and he has, for some time, disused his natural voice, and adopted an ugly tone, and an odd pronunciation scarcely intelligible, from a mere affectation of seeming to speak as accurately and politely, as Curiatus. There is no subject that he will not venture to discourse upon: and he is much too apt to engross the conversation, when he is in company, because, he imagines, none can speak so sensibly or so handsomely, as himself. When he throws out his dull humour, none laughs but himself; yet he is not in the least mortified; for he fancies, they restrain their laughter, that they may not interrupt the pleasure of hearing him talk. Stolidus might pass for a tolerable companion, if he would speak and act like himself, and modestly confine his conversation to the few things, that he understands; but his vain affectation makes him ridiculous. He knows, that he is sometimes spoken of, with contempt; but this only elates him; for he imagines, it proceeds from envy of his superior reputation and accomplishments. It would be happy for him, if some friend, in whom he confides, would point out to him his folly, and direct him to a more natural behaviour. A seasonable hint often has a good effect. Eusebius, who was a celebrated preacher, used often, in the vehemence of his utterance, to fall into a hesitation of speech. Loquentius, who was also a reputable preacher, and an admirer of Eusebius, had, by a servile imitation of him, adopted his stammering. A friend, who heard Loquentius on a particular occasion, used the freedom to say to him,

"Sir, Eusebius is an excellent man, and in many respects, worthy of your imitation; but his stammering is an infirmity; and though it is inoffensive in him, because it is natural, and overlooked amidst his shining talents; yet it is utterly unpardonable in you, in whom it is forced and affected. In future, imitate the excellencies, not the infirmities, of Eusebius." Loquentius never stammered again. When he perceived, that his affectation was observed by others, he was ashamed of it himself.



Two extraordinary characters.

TO THE EDITOR,

YOU have doubtless observed, in the course of your acquaintance with the world, two characters equally opposite, and equally disagreeable—I mean the over-fond, and the brutal husband—the Fondlewife and the Crabtree of matrimony.

I was in company the other evening, where those two characters met, and formed such a striking contrast, as could not fail attracting the attention of all present. Mr. Fondlewife sat the whole evening next his *cara sposa*, and was incessantly squeezing her hand, and saying: "My angel, how do you? my life, I fear you are not well: shall I get you some hartshorn drops, or some salts? Come, my lamb, I think you look a little better;" then giving her a kiss, "I hope you will recover," or "shall I order you a chaise?"

Such a fulsome dialogue, or rather soliloquy, with its accompaniments, was completely disgusting; but not quite so insupportable, as the behaviour of Mr. Crabtree, who sat directly opposite, in every sense, to Mr. Fondlewife. Whenever Mrs. Crabtree began to speak, he interrupted her with "hold your tongue, you fool; don't expose yourself." When she endeavoured to go on in saying, "pray, Mr. Crabtree, give me leave to tell my story," he would immediately vociferate—"Oh! d—n such stories as yours! they are all alike, and not worth listening to." "But, Mr. Crabtree, I don't want you to listen," she would

reply, "I was speaking to this lady." "Was you," said Crabtree, "I am very sorry for it; but that lady has too much sense, to hearken to your nonsense."

Then poor mrs. Crabtree was silenced, and her husband, as usual, obtained his triumph.

Such characters, I know, sir, are often to be met with; but they are seldom so completely contrasted in the same group, which rendered this event the more remarkable, and made me conclude, if the Fondlewives and the Crabtrees were not equally reprehensible, they were at least equally ridiculous.

How naturally the judicious reader will draw the following conclusion: That the happy medium is to be most devoutly aimed at, and that the incessantly fond spouse, and the perpetually snarling spouse, should be held up as beacons to married men, to avoid Charrydis, and not split on Scylla.

A moderate husband.



A maxim.

THOSE actions, which we denominate virtuous, have not any absolute and independent, but a relative and reflected beauty; and the source, from which they derive their lustre, is the intention which guided them. If well intended, whether they produce good or evil, they are equally virtuous. The producing good or evil is but accidental; the intention to produce good, is the essence of virtue; and this is the criterion or test, by which virtue is to be determined.



New and curious anecdotes and observations in natural history: by the rev. Gilbert White, A. M.

Natural affection of animals.

THE more I reflect on the *stogyn* (natural affection) of animals, the more I am astonished at its effects. Nor is the violence of this affection more wonderful, than the shortness of its duration. Thus every hen is, in her turn, the virago of the yard, in proportion to the helplessness of her brood;

and will fly in the face of a dog or a sow, in defence of those chickens, which, in a few weeks, she will drive before her with relentless cruelty.

This affection sublimates the passions, quickens the invention, and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Thus a hen, just become a mother, is no longer that placid bird she used to be; but with feathers standing on end, wings hovering, and clucking note, she runs about like one possessed. Dams will throw themselves in the way of the greatest danger, in order to avert it from their progeny. Thus a partridge will tumble along before a sportsman, in order to draw away the dogs from her helpless covey. In the time of nidification the most feeble birds will assault the most rapacious. All the hirundines of a village are up in arms at the sight of a hawk, whom they will persecute, till he leaves that district. A very exact observer has often remarked, that a pair of ravens, nestling in the rock of Gibraltar, would suffer no vulture or eagle to rest near their station, but would drive them from the hill with an amazing fury: even the blue thrush, at the season of breeding, would dart out from the clefts of the rock, to chase away the kestrel, or the sparrow-hawk. If you stand near the nest of a bird that has young, she will not be induced to betray them by an inadvertent fondness; but will wait about at a distance, with meat in her mouth, for an hour together.

The flycatcher of the zoölogy (the *staparola* of Ray,) builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertently placed their nests on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But a hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflexion of the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while with wings expanded, and mouths

gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring.

A farther instance I once saw of notable sagacity in a willow-wren, which had built in a bank in my fields. This bird, a friend and myself observed, as she sat in her nest; but were particularly careful not to disturb her, though she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after, as we passed that way, we were desirous of remarking how the brood went on; but no nest could be found, till I happened to take up a large bundle of long green moss, as it were, carelessly thrown over the nest, in order to dodge the eye of any impertinent intruder.

A still more remarkable mixture of sagacity and instinct occurred to me one day, as my people were pulling off the lining of a hot-bed, in order to add some fresh dung. From the side of this bed, leaped, with great agility, an animal that made a most grotesque figure; nor was it without great difficulty that it could be taken; when it proved to be a large white-bellied field-mouse, with three or four young, clinging to her teats by their mouths and feet. It was amazing, that the desultory and rapid motions of the dam should not have obliged her litter to quit their hold, especially when they were so young as to be both naked and blind.

To these instances of tender attachment, many more of which might be daily discovered by those who are studious of nature, may be opposed that rage of affection, that monstrous perversion of the *stagn*, which induces some females of the brute creation to devour their young, because their owners have handled them too freely, or removed them from place to place. Swine, and sometimes the more gentle race of dogs and cats, are guilty of this horrid and preposterous murder. When I hear, now and then, of an abandoned mother that destroys her offspring, I am not so much amazed; since reason perverted, and the bad passions let loose, are capable of any enormity: but why the parental feelings of brutes, that usually flow in one most uniform tenor,

should sometimes be so extravagantly diverted, I leave to abler philosophers than myself to determine.

Their social attachments.

THERE is a wonderful spirit of sociability in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable, without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out of a stable window, after company; and yet in other respects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten in solitude; but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for I know a doe, still alive, that was brought up, from a little fawn, with a dairy of cows; with them it goes to the fields, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an appa-

rent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other.

An account of the sea vessels in the port of Philadelphia, on the 18th of October, 1790.

Ships,	-	-	43
Brigs,	-	-	45
Snows,	-	-	4
Schooners,	-	-	20
Sloops,	-	-	33
Barks,	-	-	3
Ships and brigs building,	-	-	15

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The following are recommended to farmers as very beneficial.

JERUSALEM Artichoke yields most abundantly in a good soil, and will thrive well even in poor land:—affords good winter food, particularly for cows, sheep and hogs—little trouble attending the culture of this very valuable root.

Spanish broom—excellent for recovering gullied or washed lands:—affords good shelter and browsing for stock in winter—particularly sheep and goats.—Linen may also be made from this plant—it will thrive in stony barren soils, where scarcely any thing else will grow—no expense or trouble attending the culture of it.

Of social virtues.

NOTHING but virtue can constitute the happiness of society. To abstain from injuries—to deprive no man of the advantages he enjoys—to give to every one what is due to him—to do good—to contribute to the happiness of others—and assist each other—this is being virtuous. Virtue

can only be what contributes to the utility, welfare, and security of society.

The first of all social virtues is humanity; it is the abridgment of all the rest: taken in its most extensive signification, it is that sentiment, which gives every individual of our species a right to our heart and affections. Founded upon a cultivated sensibility, it disposes us to do, to our fellow creatures, all the good in our power. Its effects are love, beneficence, generosity, indulgence, and compassion. When this virtue is confined within the limits of the society, to which we belong, its effects are love of our country, paternal love, filial piety, conjugal tenderness, friendship, affection for our relations and fellow-citizens.

Strength and activity ought to be ranked among the social virtues, because they defend society, or establish its security; and their effects are magnanimity, courage, patience, moderation and temperance. Those virtues, which have the good of society for their object, must not be lazy and indolent, like the chimerical virtues introduced by imposture, which often makes a merit of being useless to others: idleness is a real vice in every association.

Justice is the true basis of all the social virtues: it is justice, which holds the balance between the several members of society, and keeps it in an equilibrium, which remedies those evils, that might arise from the inequality, that nature has established among men; and even makes it contribute to the general good—which secures to individuals their rights, their property, their persons, their liberty; and protects them from the attacks of force, and the snares of treachery—which obliges them to be faithful to their engagements, and banishes fraud and falsehood from among men—in a word, it is justice, which, by means of equitable law, and the wise distribution of rewards and punishments, excites to virtue, restrains from vice, and leads those to reason and reflexion, who might be tempted to purchase a momentary good, by doing a lasting injury to their fellow-creatures.

*The whistle—A true story.**Written by Dr. Franklin to his nephew.*

WHEN I was a child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my little pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop, where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me, I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money—and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation: and the reflexion gave me more chagrin, than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *don't give too much for the whistle*: and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought, I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the whistle*.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours—sacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it—I have said to myself, *this man gives too much for his whistle*.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *he pays, indeed, says I, too much for his whistle*.

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living—all the pleasure of doing good to others—all the esteem of his fellow citizens—and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; *poor man,*

says I, you do, indeed, pay too much for your whistle.

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations—*Mistaken man, says I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure—You give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison—*Alas, says I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband—*What a pity it is, says I, that she has paid so much for a whistle.*

In short I conceived, that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles*.



MESS. PRINTERS,

THE following extract from Gregory's essays, may prove useful to your female readers. If you deem it worthy a place, it is at your service.

Philad. Sept. 22, 1790.

P. Q.

Advice on the choice of a husband.

IN the present state of society, I see no means, by which the fair sex may reasonably hope to escape the evils of domestic tyranny, but by extreme caution and forethought; in what hands they intrust the future happiness of their lives. Without presuming to lay down a system for their conduct, in a matter of so much importance to themselves, a little knowledge of character has suggested a few hints, which may be serviceable in preventing improper connexions, and which, on that account, a sense of duty will not allow me to suppress.

If on any occasion, the morals, as well as temper of the party, with whom a connexion is to be formed, ought to be regarded, it is when the whole of temporal enjoyment and satisfaction is

at stake. No vulgar maxim has proved more detrimental to female happiness, than, that a reformed rake makes the best of husbands. In every instance that has fallen within my observation, the direct contrary has happened. For, in the first place, if the maxim were true, it is far from certain, that matrimony will produce a reform. The vanity of an enamoured female may flatter her, that her amiable qualities will effect a reformation; but experience tells us, that the reformation must go deeper than that which is only the momentary effect of an impetuous passion; it must extend to the moral principle—to the whole mode of thinking. A rake is but another term for a sensualist, which in itself implies the quality, selfish: he has been accustomed to sacrifice the best interests of others to his personal gratification: and there are more ways than one of trifling with the happiness of a fellow creature. Further, the libertine has acquired a despicable opinion of the sex, from conversing only with the depraved part of it: and we know, that matrimonial tyranny usually originates from a contemptible opinion of the female sex. Lastly, in marrying a rake, there are many chances to one, that a woman marries a drunkard; and drunkenness is perhaps the only vice, that is never to be reformed. I might add, that without some notion of religion, morality has but an uncertain basis: and what rake would be thought to entertain any respect for religion!

I would not have the ladies fall into the opposite extreme, and, to avoid a profligate, choose a bigot. Religious enthusiasm has a natural tendency to sour the temper: and the fanatic derives his morality not from the mild and equitable precepts of the gospel, but from the rigid and tyrannical institutions of the Jews.

Some caution will be requisite, also, in engaging with a man, whose situation obliges him to be much conversant with the vicious and uncultivated part of mankind; or whose profession inures him to high notions of discipline and implicit obedience.

Cheerfulness is doubtless an excellent quality in a husband: but that unmeaning levity, which is ever on the laugh, is more frequently the effect of folly or affectation, than of real good temper. It is seldom, that such a man condescends to entertain his wife at home in this manner: his jests are reserved for his companions without doors; a part of his satire, indeed, may happen to be expended within.

—●●●—
On matrimonial quarrels.

Felices ter et amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsos querimoniis

Supremâ citius solvet amor die. Hor.

FAMILY divisions frequently spring from very immaterial accidents, which gather strength by repetition, till they are augmented in so formidable a manner, as to sweep before them all the domestic virtues, and abolish all the amiable tenderness, for which woman was originally intended by the divine Creator. I have been a frequent spectator of such scenes of infelicity. Where I was in most expectation of finding the celestial seeds of connubial happiness flourishing in exquisite beauty, there have I been the most disappointed. Instead of beholding a paradise, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occasions me to publish the following observations. For these may be of utility to society, as, by holding up the mirror to the view of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

Lorenzo and Violetta have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in respect to fortune and age; the one being sufficiently affluent for the purchase, and the other for the enjoyment of pleasure. For sometime after the celebration of their nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondness, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, instead of increasing, diminished their mutual regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew the less attractive to his heart; and his conversation grew less engaging, the

more she partook of the natural levity of her sex. He renewed his bacchanalian acquaintance; she found more pleasure in discharging her visits, than in her domestic offices. In fine, both became unintentionally indifferent: their meals were irregular: their conversation little: till, at last, their affection seemed dwindled away to nothing but a ceremonial complaisance.

Nature was soon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually bursting from the formality of reserve: trivial accidents gave alternate uneasiness to one or the other; which were productive of such disputes as often terminated in a shyness for two or three days together. Though they were both so far estranged from the lambent flame of love, yet their disagreement frequently exhibited a conviction of their honesty, by a reconciliation which just served to blow up the dormant embers of affection; though still they were continually manifesting the difference of their tempers. They were both hastily passionate; he was sometimes furiously ill-natured, while she was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both sensible of their folly; yet they still persisted in their obstinacy: if he spoke warm, she reddened with the glow of anger; if he was desirous of tranquility, she grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree and the ostentation of fortune were often bandied backwards and forwards; this ushered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a misguided passion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently swore, she railed: and blows ensued. She felt the effects of his violence: he bore the marks of her fury. When their passion abated, she sat pensively venting the gushing sorrows from her eyes; he grew mollified, and, after innumerable caresses, re-composed her agitated spirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderness; they gently upbraided themselves, confessed their folly, resolved to oppose the excursions of passion, and for sometime lived with all the appearance of a durable fel-

city. But when passion has once got the head, reason vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenzo and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became sensible of their smothered affection, yet they never endeavoured to light up the extinguished lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate sallies, and were at last so habituated to such an ignominious custom, as to give an unbounded loose to their passion before company, till they are now become the derision of all their acquaintance.

As I have a regard for Lorenzo, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him upon his indiscretion: he acknowledges his imprudence, professes the strongest affection for his wife, and solemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed. Violetta is also sensible of her erroneous behaviour, esteems her husband, and wears the diadem of chastity on her head. They are equally conscious of their fault, are equally sorry for it, and seem equally desirous of correcting it: but they are so absolutely devoted to the storms of passion, as to be equally incapable of executing those salutary resolutions, which they are thoroughly sensible can alone give pleasure to the bridal bed, happiness to the prime of life, and comfort to the declension of age.

What a melancholy reflexion is this! That two persons once united by the silken band of love, should so disown its empire, for the gratification of some ridiculous humour, is most astonishing. That two persons who could so easily enjoy the beatitudes of life, should so voluntarily banish themselves from the flowery road of happiness, is amazing! But their conduct serves only to evince this golden maxim, "That reason is the best gift of nature;" for without her sacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are less happy than peasants in their cottages.

Short account of mr. M^cGillivray.

AS there are various accounts respecting mr. M^cGillivray, the famous chief of the Creek Indians,

the following sketch of that gentleman's life may be depended on, it being related by one of his old school-fellows:—About the year 1759, Alexander M'Gillivray, then a youth of ten years of age, was sent by his father from the Creek nation to this city; and committed to the care of Mr. Farquhar M'Gillivray, a relation of his father's, by whom he was placed under the tuition of Mr. G. Sheed, who was then, and now is, an eminent English master, having acted in that capacity upwards of forty years in this city, with great reputation.—He was taught the Latin language by Mr. William Henderson, one of the masters of the free school, and who was lately one of the critical reviewers in London. At the age of seventeen, Mr. M'Gillivray was sent to Savannah, and placed in the counting house of general Elbert. He was afterwards some time in the house of Messrs. Alexander Ingles and Co.—During his apprenticeship, he was so fond of study, that he devoted much more of his time to reading of history, than to the acquisition of mercantile knowledge. On this representation being made to his father, he was sent for to the Creek nation, since which he has been raised to his present exalted situation; his countrymen the Creeks having chosen him their king and his catholic majesty having, it is said, promoted him to the rank of a brigadier general in his service. His letters, which have at different times been made public, plainly evince the strength of his understanding: and his general character, as a man of undaunted courage and unblemished integrity, is very generally agreed on by such as have had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Charleston, August 26, 1790.

A general view of the progress of the English revenue since the conquest.

[From Sir John Sinclair's history of the revenue.]

William the conqueror,	£ 400,000
William Rufus,	350,000
Henry I.	300,000
Stephen	250,000

Henry II.	£.200,000
Richard I.	150,000
John	100,000
Henry III.	80,000
Edward I.	150,000
Edward II.	100,000
Edward III.	154,139
Richard II.	130,000
Henry IV.	100,000
Henry V.	76,643
Henry VI.	64,976
Edward IV.	}
Edward V.	
Richard III.	
Henry VII.	400,000
Henry VIII.	800,000
Edward VI.	400,000
Mary	450,000
Elizabeth	500,000
James I.	600,000
Charles I.	895,819
The commonwealth	1,517,247
Charles II.	1,800,000
James II.	2,001,855
William III.	3,895,205
Queen Anne (at the union)	5,691,803
George I.	} inclu- ding { Scot- land. {
George II.	
Geo. III.	
(1788)	
	6,763,643
	8,522,540
	15,572,971

An approved method of preserving the fine flavour of butter, and of preventing its growing rancid, communicated to the "Burlington society for the promoting of agriculture and domestic manufactures," by their president, and ordered to be published.

TO a peck of fine salt add one ounce of crude sal ammoniac, and two ounces of saltpetre, both finely powdered: mix them very well with the fine salt: with this salt, work your butter, until the butter-milk be entirely extracted. Then pack it in wooden firkins, salting it with the same mixed salt, to such a degree as to be palatable, when eaten with bread, and no saltier. The mixture is stronger than fine salt: of consequence something less is required. By order of the society.

WM. COXE, jun. Sec'y.

On the transitoriness of life—and on mortality.

Some from the stranded vessel force
their way;

Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the sea:
Some who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and sink into a
grave:

In journeys or at home, in war or
peace,

By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its poison
bring,

Rheums chill the winter, agues blast
the spring;

Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed
hour,

All act subservient to the tyrant's
pow'r:

And, when obedient nature knows his
will,

A fly, a grape stone, or a hair can kill.

PRIOR.

THE miseries, to which human
nature is liable, have often been
the subject of contemplation. Viewing
the gloomy side of the question, the
feelings of a benevolent heart are apt
to be exceedingly agitated.

"Man is born unto trouble as the
sparks fly upward—he cometh forth
like a flower and is cut down—he flourisheth
in health and vigour, but continueth
not—his days pass like a shadow,
and he is gone—he eateth in darkness,
hath much sorrow, and returneth to his
original dust, and no further remem-
brance of him remains."

Death is the law of our nature—the
debt which all must pay, and there is
no discharge in that war.—The works
of nature wax old, and decay: the loftiest
monuments of human art, pyramids,
cities, states, and empires, have
their periods, beyond which they
will not endure—all things have a ten-
dency to change; and man among the
rest of the creation, when called by pro-
vidence, must submit to part with the
life which was given him. The great
and the good, the wise and the prudent,
the learned and the ignorant, the re-
nowned and the obscure, the prince and

the peasant, are all travelling the road
which leads to the grave.

The time of our departure is utterly
uncertain: and the accidents which may
deprive us of life, are innumerable.—
An unexpected bruise, an undesigned
blow, a fall from a horse, the scratch
of a pin, the pairing of a nail, or the
dust of a wall, may be made the instru-
ments of immediate death—thus Ana-
creon the poet was choked with a grape
stone—Fabius, the Roman senator, was
suffocated with a single hair in a draught
of milk—Pope Alexander with a fly,
which flew accidentally into his mouth
—Homer died of grief—Sophocles with
excess of joy—Dionysius with the good
news of a victory he had obtained—and
Aurelianus in the midst of a dance.

Diseases and death, says an ingenious
author, are secretly lurking every where
—they are in our bosoms, in our bow-
els, in every thing we taste, in every
thing we enjoy.—We have death dwell-
ing with us in our houses—walking
with us in the fields—lying down with
us on our beds—and wrapped about us
in our very clothes—always ready, at
the divine command, to give the fatal
blow. If heaven permit—Benhadad is
slain in his bed—and Amnon at his
table—Belshazzar in his cups—the E-
gyptian first-born in his sleep—Saul in
the field—Cæsar in the senate—Caligula
in the theatre—Antiochus in his coach
—Zachariah in the temple—and Pope
Victor at the sacrament.

To exclude from our thoughts that
which cannot be avoided, betokens a
weakness and timidity, which a wise
and prudent man, who desires to act his
part with propriety, would not indulge.
Meditation on death, which terminates
every scene of the short period of exist-
ence allotted to man, in his transitory
state, though gloomy, is interesting and
may be highly beneficial. It induces us
to enquire wherefore we were made—to
ascertain the duties incumbent upon us
—and to a serious and attentive prac-
tice of them. No event is more solemn
and important than that which is to close
the connexions of life. To prepare for

this last hour is a momentous object. To be able to meet it with a rational composure and dignity, calmness and fortitude, should be the earnest desire, and engross the principal attention of man.

That we may have a peaceful and happy exit, when we are called to quit this mortal scene, it becomes us to renounce the pursuits and indulgences of vice and error, and to walk in the paths of virtue, which alone lead to true felicity.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow;
for thou knowest not what a day may
bring forth."

Worcester, June 24, 1790.



On the architecture of America.

*Sic unum quicquid paullatim protrahit
ætas*

In medium, ratioque in luminis eruit oras.

*Namque aliud ex alio clarescere corde
videmus,*

*Artibus, ad summum donec venerit cu-
cumen.*

Lucretius.

"THE genius of architecture has shed maledictions over our land," says Mr. Jefferson. In a democracy, whoever of the citizens sees a public evil, and does not speak of it, is silently treacherous to the world: and whoever of them perceives, and yet does not endeavour to remove, a public inconvenience, is an accessory to it. Impressed with these opinions, on the score of the duty of all good citizens, and believing that we exceedingly suffer from the style in which we build our houses, and the materials of which they are erected, I have devoted one of these humble lucubrations to a hasty survey of architecture.

There can be no doubt but our style of building has, within a few years, very considerably improved: but there yet is open to the taste and good sense of the citizens a very great space, indeed, for their inventions, taste, and wealth, to be laudably exerted in. In this country, we are less confused in our ideas of propriety, in general, than are the inhabitants of any other country on the globe. We recur to first principles with

ease, because our customs, tastes, and refinements, are less artificial than those of other countries; and because we act more from the impulse of an enlightened nature, than from the coercion of the fashions, imposed tyrannically by that immense opulence which in Europe trifles with nature, and draws its pleasures from the more inaccessible reservoirs of art. Such is our happiness. In architecture, of which no prototype exists in the vast variety of nature, and which is the most artificial of all the points to which civilized man proceeds, we have it not in our power to profit by this happy freedom. Architecture comprehends in itself the collective discoveries in proportion, solidity, strength, harmony, and fitness of parts, economy of space, and subservience to domestic utility and comfort, which artists of different countries and ages have collected together into the art of building of houses. Different eras have been influenced by different tastes. A peculiar style of building was adapted to each climate. The Grecians formed into one exquisite model, the good properties from each of the different styles: and from this selection and application resulted their high-finished graces of architecture. The Romans followed. A style less simple, and more diffuse, aided by an additional order, compounded of the various orders of the Greeks, left the laurel of high perfection in their hands. Their taste became vitiated. The arts accompanied the retrograde of their character, till its final decline, and left that which is called the Gothic taste, as their last feeble effort at refinement. Religion added, in that rude age, when every thing was wrong, to the wildness of conceit, to which the Gothic fashion was already but too prone. What superstition appropriates to her own mysteries, becomes sacred: and as she had obtruded her tasteless and mystical allusions from scripture, to the embellishment of the heathen converted temples, all her ornaments became beautiful in the eyes of fanatical barbarians. The Gothic architecture first triumphed over the arts of Greece and

Rome, before the total decline of the empire; and, on the revival of the arts, enjoyed for centuries, a second victory over eras of refinement, that ought disdainfully to have rejected it on the resumption of the classic taste. The churches, abbeys, monasteries, and cathedrals in Europe are all of the Gothic barbarian cast. Even the castles and houses, imitating their magnificence, bear an affectation of devout ornament, all borrowed from the embellishment of the cathedral. To abolish this taste was a work of great difficulty—and even in the last century, and at a period when architecture had very much exalted herself, among her Gothic ruins, sir Christopher Wren found his noble Grecian model of Saint Paul's, which he first presented at court, rejected. Into this beautiful model he was obliged, in order to comply with pious frivolity of taste, to interweave enough of the Gothic web to make saint Paul's but the second building in the world.

The Americans have a taste, not corrupted—but suspended in its progress. The moment they see what is truly beautiful, they acknowledge its ascendancy. Hitherto they have but little attended to this branch of the fine arts. In reaching at perfection, they will not have to travel through the rubbish of Gothic whim and caprice: the Grecian school is open to them—and they ought to adopt its models in all their severe and elegant simplicity. Their present style is slovenly in the greatest degree: they may step from this situation to the highest attainments at a stride.

The evil in our architecture lies principally in this—that we build of wood. From this custom much immediate, as well as remote inconvenience, is to be expected: and certainly, however suddenly felt may be the comfort arising from celerity and dispatch, the numerous considerations of perishableness, want of safety, and call for repairs, added to the reflexion, that the public taste is for the time deprived of one great field of exertion, will very much weigh with an enlightened people, when

once they become awakened to their advantages, and proud of the singular novelty of their physical and moral opportunities of situation.

Wood, considered as a material of architecture, is not only perishable, but it is dreadfully accessible to all the dangers of wind and fire, and is not so strong as brick or stone. To these objections may be added the consideration, which will weigh with the man of taste, that wood is unsusceptible of chaste ornament. If it be adorned, it is in a finical puerile taste, in which there is as great a distance from the simplicity of the Grecian, as variance from the whimsical, yet often pleasantly fanciful assemblage of the Gothic style.

Bachelors only ought to build of wood—men who have but a life estate in this world, and who care little for those who come after them. Those, who have either children or a wife to leave behind them, will build of brick, if they wish to leave monuments of kindness, rather than a rent-charge, behind them. A well-finished brick house, however small, is not only more elegant and immediately useful and safe, but it is cheaper in the end, than a wooden one. It needs fewer repairs—its prime cost is little more—it is a property which yields more, inasmuch as, if rented out, it carries from the per cent. of rent, fewer of the eating repairs, which render the profits of wooden rent-rolls so equivocal and precarious. With respect to insurance—which in all populous places, sooner or later, takes place—it bears an analogy to policies on annuities, where one subject lingers under a precarious existence, and the other is blessed with youth, and a sound constitution. In point of ease, taste and duration, there can be no hesitation between them. The whole doubt in the mind of a builder rests in the competition between immediate convenience, and the remote advantage of an unknown duration—for a good brick house will be habitable for centuries.

I have seen many good old brick houses, built in the early part of Elizabeth's reign—and it is well known,

that in Holland, a low, moist country, houses built during their dependence on Spain, are still inhabited, and are perfectly sound.

We have this melancholy consolation, that posterity will find few of the deformities of our bad taste existing to mislead their own. But then, again, we ought to reflect, that those who come after us, and who will take up the arts where we left off, will be deprived of any permanent vestiges of our refinement, on which we ought to hope they would improve.

Considered politically—and in this government every citizen is on the guard of public happiness, and political warfare—there is this good attending brick buildings: from durable habitations, in which more money has been spent, and more of the refined tastes gratified, an affection for the soil is increased. A habit of thought arises, favourable to population—a greater proportion of money is thus realized. The great national fund, of course, is augmented—fixed to the soil—and pledged to the society.

The last and highest consideration, that strikes me, is, that emigration would be less easy, and not so common, were a finer spirit of building to prevail. Were the Tartars to build houses instead of waggons and tents, as baron Tot says they still do, and as they did when the Huns impelled the Goths against the feeble Roman empire, they would not rove, and their country might become a land of tillage. The facility with which we may move, is a strong incentive to that love of change, which it particularly interests us to repress in our citizens.



On party-divisions.—By the late governor Livingston.

Furor arma ministrat. VIRG.

*Factions, among great men, are like
jesses; when their heads are divided,
they carry fire in their tails;
and all the country about them goes to
wreck for it.* Web. duch. of Malby.

FROM the moment, in which men give themselves wholly up to a

party, they abandon their reason, and are led captives by their passions. The cause they espouse, presents such bewitching charms, as dazzle the judgment; and the side they oppose, such imaginary deformity, that no opposition appears too violent—nor any arts to blacken and ruin it, incapable of a specious varnish. They follow their leaders with an implicit faith, and, like a company of dragoons, obey the word of command without hesitation. Though perhaps they originally embarked in the cause with a view to the public welfare; the calm deliberations of reason are imperceptibly fermented into passion—and their zeal for the common good gradually extinguished by the predominating fervor of faction. A disinterested love for their country, is succeeded by an intemperate ardour; which naturally swells into a political enthusiasm: and from that, easy is the transition to perfect frenzy. As the religious enthusiast fathers the wild ravings of his heated imagination, on the spirit of God—and is ready to knock down every man, who doubts his divine inspiration; so the political visionary mis-calls his party-rage the perfection of patriotism—and curses the rational lover of his country, for his unseasonable tepidity. The former may be reduced to his senses, by shaving, purging, and letting of blood: as the latter is only to be reclaimed by time or *preferment*.

Next to the duty we owe the Supreme Being, we lie under the most indispensable obligations, to promote the welfare of our country. Nor ought we to be destitute of a becoming zeal and fortitude, in so glorious a cause: we should shew ourselves in earnest, resolute, and intrepid. We cannot engage in a nobler undertaking; and scandalous would be our languor and timidity, where the sacrifice of our lives is no extravagant oblation. Replete with such illustrious examples, are the annals of antiquity, when the great men of those heroic ages, with a kind of glorious emulation, exerted their talents in the service of their country; and were not only contented, but pleas-

ed, to die for the common weal. Hence Codrus, and Curtius, with a splendid catalogue of others, have rendered their memories eternal, and acquired a renown never to be obliterated. "In nothing," says Cicero, "do we bear a stronger resemblance to the divinity, than by promoting the happiness of our species." "Homines ad Deos nulla re proprius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando." But in vain doth party-spirit veil itself with the splendid covering of disinterested patriotism; in vain usurp the robe of honour to conceal its latent motives. The disguise may fascinate the multitude; but appears transparent to the unprejudiced and judicious. With all the eulogiums due to the advocates for liberty, without success doth the self-interested projector attempt to impose on men of sense, with that respectable appellation. A zeal for our country is glorious—but a spirit of faction infamous. Nor is the incontestible maxim of the orator unlimited; but to be regulated by the sage advice of the poet:

"Est modus in rebus: sunt certi denique fines,

"Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum." HOR.

In a word, there is a great difference between staring and stark-mad.

When I see a man warm in so important an affair as the common interest, I either suspend my judgment, or pass it in his favour. But when I find him misrepresenting and villifying his adversaries, I take it for a shrewd sign, that it is something more than the laudable motive he pretends, which impels him with such impetuosity and violence.

The great, as well as the little vulgar, are liable to catch the spirit of mobbing, and cluster together, to perpetrate a riot, without knowing the reason that set them in motion. The genuine consequence this, of party-rage and animosity! For when once we suppress the voice of reason, by the clamour of faction, we are tossed like a vessel stripped of sails and rudder, at the mercy of wind and tide: but it is a solecism in nature, that the best

end in the world is to be attained by the worst means: or that we cannot be patriots, till we be fit for bedlam.

A man of this turn is not half so intent upon reforming the abuses of his own party, as discerning the errors of his enemies. To view the virtues of the side he espouses, he uses the magnifying end of the perspective; but inverts the tube, when he surveys those of his adversaries. Instead of an impartial examination of the principles he acts upon, or the regularity of his progress, he contents himself with exclaiming against the real or supposititious faults of his antagonists. In short, it is not so much the goodness of his own cause, as the exaggerated badness of the other, that attaches him to his leaders, and confirms him in his delirium. Like a set of pagans, he makes the spots in the sun, a reason for adoring the moon.

There are some enterprising geniuses, who love to fish in troubled waters; and will themselves disturb the fountain, to acquire a reputation under pretence of re-clarifying it to its pristine purity. A man, who would be overlooked or despised, in times of universal tranquility, may have a quantum of lungs and impudence, to make himself seem necessary, when the public is agitated with storms, and thrown into convulsions. Nay, a fellow who has deserved to be hanged by all laws, human and divine, for his conduct in private life, will spring up into an important champion at the head of a party.

"There is a particular maxim among parties," says a fine writer, "which alone is sufficient to corrupt a whole nation; which is, to countenance and protect the most infamous fellows, who happen to herd amongst them. It is something shocking to common sense, to see the man of honour and the knave, the man of parts and the blockhead put upon an equal foot, which is often the case amongst parties. The reason is, he who has not sense enough to distinguish right from wrong, can make a noise; nay, the less sense, the more obstinacy, especially in a bad cause; and the greater knave, the more obedient to his lead-

ders, especially when they are playing the roguery." Unspeakably calamitous have been the consequences of party-division. It has occasioned deluges of blood, and subverted kingdoms. It always introduces a decay of public spirit, with the extinction of every noble and generous sentiment. The very names of things are perverted. On fury and violence it bestows the appellation of magnanimity and opposition, and files resentment and rancour, heroic ardour and patriot warmth. Nor is it ever at a loss for pretences to bubble the mob out of their wits, and give its wildest ravings a plausible colour.

Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, were once the popular party of Rome; and their agent for managing the rabble, the famous, or rather the infamous Clodius. Yet the first enslaved his country, which but for him would have been enslaved by the second: and as for Clodius, he had villainy enough to have set Rome on fire, and enjoyed the conflagration, could he have done it with the same impunity as Nero. Crassus was slain for his avarice, by the Parthians, who, pouring down his throat melted gold, filled his belly with what had ever been the primum mobile of his party spirit.

That the heads of parties are frequently actuated by private views, has given great handle to court writers, who generally embrace every opportunity to varnish the conduct of their employer, and argue sophistically in proportion to his wickedness, to triumph on so plausible a topic, and cast an odium on the most justifiable opposition. Nay, they have carried their mercenary impudence to such a height, as to throw out sly insinuations, that patriotism itself is a mere phantom, and endeavour to laugh the world out of one of the most illustrious virtues in it. No sooner doth a man, in the integrity of his soul, dispute the illegal measures of their patron, than he is branded with the opprobrious name of a factious spirit, and his generous benevolence to his fellow subjects, represented as a covert project to accom-

plish his own exaltation. As well might they impeach the sincerest piety of imposture and hypocrisy, or infer the absolute non-existence of virtue, from the world's abounding with vice and knavery.

Thus, as the designing party-man always appears in the mask of public spirit, and conceals the most selfish and riotous disposition, under the venerable pretext of asserting liberty, and defending his country; so the ministerial scribbler, taking advantage of this frequent prostitution, gives a sinister turn to the most laudable views, and stigmatizes every man who opposes the encroachments of the court. Hence the necessity of our greatest caution in siding with either party, till by a watchful observation of the conduct of both, we have plainly discovered the true patriot from the false pretender.

Almost all the mischiefs which mankind groan under, arise from their suffering themselves to be led by the nose, without a proper freedom of thought and examination. Upon this, priesthood has erected its stupendous babel, and tyranny reared her horrible domination. And indeed, well may we expect, as the righteous punishment of our guilt, to be abandoned by heaven to delusion and error, if, instead of obeying the directions of that sacred ray of the divinity, in virtue of which we claim kindred with the highest order of intelligences, we blindly surrender ourselves to the guidance of any man, or set of men whatever. And yet I have known persons of good sense, and lovers of liberty, so infatuated with party, as to put a whole city and country in alarm, and struggle, as if it had been *pro aris et focis*, to lift a creature into a post, who, after all the bustle made on his account, was fitter to guide the tail of a plough, than to fill an office of skill and confidence: but their breasts were inflamed with party-spirit: and had the candidate been a chimney-sweep, or a rope-dancer, they would have exerted an equal zeal and activity.

It must, after all, be allowed, that a long and uninterrupted calm in a govern-

ment divided into separate branches, for a check on each other, is often presumptive, that all things do not go well. Such is the restless and aspiring nature of the human mind, that a man entrusted with power, seldom contents himself with his due proportion. For this reason, an unremitting harmony between several persons, created as a counterpoise to each other, is suspicious. Their union may be the consequence of their keeping within their proper limits, and it may be the effect of an iniquitous coalition. To infer, therefore, that the liberties of the people are safe and unendangered, because there are no political contests, is illogical and fallacious. Such a tranquility may be the result of a confederacy in guilt, and an agreement between the rulers, to advance their private interest, at the expense of the people. But this can never be our case. Agreeably to the generous spirit of our constitution, we have a right to examine into the conduct and proceedings of our superiors: and upon discovering them in a combination of roguery, if we cannot set them together by the ears, we can form a party against their united strength: and such a party, I hope we may never want the spirit to form. To conclude, should a future governor give into measures subversive of our liberties, I hope he will meet with proper opposition and controul: but should a faction be formed against him, without law or reason, may the authors be branded with suitable infamy.

New York, Feb. 22, 1753.

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Sketch of the "philosophy of house keeping." Addressed by Dr. S. L. Mitchell to Miss S—.

IN many parts of the country, bread of a bad quality is so commonly eaten in families, that it seems surprising why the people do not learn the art of making it better. The grand faults are two—1. In manufacturing the flour, which must necessarily be bad, if the wheat be foul, the mill-stones ill set, or the bran imperfectly bolted out. 2. In

making the bread, where the best flour may be spoiled by laziness in kneading, by lack of fixed air, and by an half-heated oven.

When I was engaged the other day in taking care of my harvest, I put into my mouth a few grains of wheat, and chewed them. As I ground them to pieces between my teeth, the pulp, stirred about by the motion of my jaws, and mixed with the spittle, was made to separate into three different parts: at first a subtil powder was disengaged from the mass, and diffused through the fluid, tinging it with a white hue, and when left at rest, falling to the bottom, in the form of starch: after this, some scaly husks were let loose, which were tasteless and harsh, and composed of the outer covering of the seeds, being evidently the bran: and lastly, a quantity of dough was left behind, which was thick, viscid, ropy, tough, and elastic; and by drying became gluey, hard, and brittle, consisting of paste, or the glutinous part of the meal. I persuaded myself, that this analysis was a fair one, and that for these experiments, the human mouth was preferable to all the artificial chemical apparatus in the world. Thus it appeared that wheat, the grain affording the best bread, consisted of starch, bran and paste.

But here you will be ready to ask, what a young lady has to do with the analysis of wheat, and chemical experiments? Have a little patience, and you shall be informed. It may soon happen, that you will become the mistress of a family, and then may find it consistent both with economy and prudence, to have an eye to domestic affairs. You may, perhaps, at that time recollect with some degree of satisfaction, these hints, calculated to assist you in providing wholesome food for your household, and in preserving the serenity of your temper, in spite of the misconduct of bakers.

The faults of the first class, that is, in the manufacturing of flour, must be prevented by the farmer and miller. Chaff should be removed by the fan; dust by winnowing; and cockle, drips, rye, &c. by screening: besides, I have

remarked, at the Albion mills, near London, that wheat, to be made perfectly clean, is brushed, washed, and kiln dried. The operations of grinding and boulding make fine the parts, mix them mechanically together, and separate the bran from the starch and paste.

As to the faults of the second class, that is, of making the bread, you will naturally be led, by the principles laid down, to avoid them. Hence may be assigned the reason, why biscuit and unleavened bread of all sorts, made by mixture with water alone, are so dry, hard, and solid: because the paste throughout the mass, when moistened, attracts the starch, and on the evaporation of the water, they bind and cement more firmly. In like manner, you can explain why they ought to be kneaded; to the end, that the two ingredients, now joined with water, may be brought into chemical union, and be more intimately blended. And hence may it be understood, why some bread, after breaking, shortly becomes ill tasted, and on baking exhibits slender threads, reaching from piece to piece, like cobwebs; because, through deficient kneading, the starch is not well incorporated with the paste, which remaining in considerable masses by itself, throughout a moist loaf, soon ferments and spoils. Why are barm, yeast, leaven, and other like substances, necessary to raise fermentation in bread? It is not necessary, that bread undergo fermentation in order to be good; but it is simply requisite, that a quantity of fixed air should be extricated, to raise and puff it up. This divides and parts asunder the dough, and renders it porous and soft; prevents excessive toughness and hardness; and makes the bread easy to be broken, cut, and eaten: further, fixed air, although a poison, when applied to the organs of smell and respiration, is an agreeable stimulus, when taken into the stomach, and may operate, when an ingredient in bread, just as it does in porter and other malt liquors. What good does potash do in cakes? Potash contains a great portion of fixed air, which is set at liberty by the heat necessary to bake the cake: and

therefore potash supercedes the use of fermenting mixtures. How is the water of the Saratoga spring useful? In the same manner. The water, decomposed by the heat, sets go the fixed air, which insinuates itself into the bread, and causes it to be light and spongy. For what reason are holes pricked into loaves of bread? The heat of the oven not only sets free a large quantity of fixed air, but also greatly rarifies it; if therefore there be no outlet given to it, the loaf would be burst in an unsightly manner, or an extensive blister would be formed beneath the upper crust, to the damage of the bread. Why is a moderate degree of heat necessary to prepare bread for the oven? The component parts of bread, as has been said, ought to act upon each other, and become chemically united: and there can be no chemical action of bodies without heat. Whence does it happen, that bread made of cornell, and the branny part of wheat, is so coarse, so apt to crumble, and so destitute of nourishment? Pure bran contains very little more of nutritious matter, than saw-dust; on which account it becomes fit to be eaten only in proportion to the quantity of starch and paste mixed with it; but these are chiefly sifted out, when cornell is manufactured: therefore bread, made of such matter, must be defective in fineness, cohesion, and nutriment. To what is it owing, then, that other kinds of grain, although capable of being made into bread, fall so far short of wheat in goodness? The general cause of this seems to be, that Indian corn, barley, rice, oats, and buckwheat have too small a proportion of paste in their composition, and consist almost wholly of bran and starch: now, when the bran comes to be separated, and the starch left alone, it is not to be wondered at, that the bread made of it should be inferior in quality, since it is destitute of that capital ingredient, the paste. It is not so necessary to employ fixed air or fermentation in these kinds of bread: but it will answer to bake them immediately into cakes, occasionally: the journey-cakes and buckwheat-cakes of America will do tolerably

well without, but are preferable with fixed air. The common use of oat and barley meal in this form, has occasioned Scotland to be emphatically called "the land of cakes." Rye approaches nearer to wheat, and requires almost the same management. Can lint-seed be wrought into good bread? No: because it is composed chiefly of bran, mucilage, and oil. Are potatoes capable of being worked into bread of the best quality? No: for they consist mostly of water and starch; there is no paste in them; yet by proper management they may be baked into brown cakes, like cassada. Peas afford meal: can they conveniently be made into bread? The celebrated professor Home, of the university of Edinburgh, told me, that since his time, the poor boors of North Britain used to make most of their bread from peas: but this practice has much declined, since the introduction of the potatoe. If the purest and best flour contain the greatest quantity of nutritious matter, in any given bulk, must it not follow, that for family uses, the best flour is the cheapest? A learned and ingenious gentleman, with whom I talked on this subject, not long ago, warmly contended, that it was so: and his reasoning was exceedingly plausible and specious. "If," said he, "one cwt. of wheaten flour cost twenty-four shillings, it contains nourishment as six, and although Indian-meal may be purchased for twelve shillings the hundred, it does not afford nutriment as three: therefore altho' an equal weight of maize may be bought with half the money, yet it does not yield half the quantity of nutritious matter, that wheat does. Food being useful only in proportion to the nourishment derived from it—the richer the food, the less will suffice; consequently wheat with discreet management, will go further than corn, and be cheapest to support a family upon." But this reasoning, if true in speculation, will certainly not be true in practice. It is vain to think, that men will be confined to a strictly necessary allowance of bread, when the tempting morsels lie before them; they eat, not barely to

allay hunger, but to gratify the palate; nothing is more common than for men to devour two or three times as much as would be sufficient to support them; even among servants and labourers, this kind of gluttony will extend to a considerable degree, in spite of all your endeavours to prevent it; and it is an almost invariable rule, in house-keeping, that food of the best kind is soonest consumed: regardless, therefore, of its abundant nourishment, a workman, without theorising on the matter at all, will swallow a larger quantity of wheaten loaf, than of an Indian dumpling, and suffer no injury by the redundancy. The state of the question will then be thus; the human stomach requires "a bulk of food as three; and "this even of maize is enough to satisfy hunger: but of wheat, on account of its preferable taste and finer look, it will receive the proportion "of six; now, if the maize as three, give "nutriment enough, the surplus in the "wheat as six, is clear waste." Therefore, there can seemingly no doubt remain, that the coarser kinds of bread are not only in appearance, but in reality, the most cheap and economical. I presume you will not wonder, that in this epistle, my attention has been turned to dame Ceres, rather than master Cupid and his mama, when you call to mind the Roman adage, "without "Ceres and Bacchus, Venus becomes "miserably frigid and lifeless." Moreover, as dr. Franklin has beautifully philosophised on the colours, and Mr. Brydson on the electricity of ladies' garments, I thought myself highly excusable, after the example of such great men, in attempting the elucidation of another important object of female attention. I am, &c.

New York, August 19, 1789.

Of the floating gardens of Mexico.
(From the abbe Clavigero's history of that country.)

WITH respect to the Mexicans, we know, that during the whole of their peregrination from

their native country, Aztlan, to the lake where they founded Mexico, they cultivated the earth in all those places where they made any considerable stop, and lived on the produce of their labour. When they were brought under subjection to the Colhuan and Tepanecan nations, and confined to the miserable little islands on the lake, they ceased for some years to cultivate the land, because they had none; until necessity and industry together taught them to form moveable fields and gardens, which floated on the waters of the lake. The method which they pursued to make those, and which they still practise, is extremely simple.

"They plait and twist willows, and roots of marsh plants, or other materials together, which are light, but capable of supporting the earth of the garden firmly united. On this foundation they lay the light bushes which float on the lake, and, over all, the mud and dirt which they draw up from the bottom of the lake. Their regular figure is quadrangular; their length and breadth various; but as far as we can judge, they are about eight perches long, and not more than three in breadth, and have less than a foot of elevation above the surface of the water. These were the first fields which the Mexicans owned after the foundation of Mexico. There they first cultivated the maize, great pepper, and other plants necessary for their support. In progress of time, those fields grew numerous from the industry of these people. There were among them, gardens of flowers, and odoriferous plants, which were employed in the worship of their gods, and served for the recreation of the nobles. At present (1780) they cultivate flowers and every sort of garden herbs upon them. Every day of the year, at sun rise, innumerable vessels, loaded with various kinds of flowers and herbs, which are cultivated in those gardens, are seen arriving by the canal, at the great market place of the capital. All plants thrive there surprisingly; the mud of the lake is an extremely fertile soil, and requires

no water from the clouds. In the largest gardens there is commonly a little tree, and even a little hut to shelter the cultivator, and defend him from the rain or the sun.

"When the owner of the garden wishes to change his situation, he gets into his little vessel, and by his own strength alone, if the garden be small, or with the assistance of others, if it be large, he tows it after him, and conducts it wherever he pleases, with the little tree and hut upon it. That part of the lake, where those floating gardens are, is a place of infinite recreation, where the senses receive the highest possible gratification."



Of wit and good nature. In a letter to Eugenio.

Dear Sir,

I Am obliged to you for the opportunity you have given me of contracting a friendship with Florio. He brought me your letter; but let me advise you for the future to be more frugal of your recommendation. It is at any time sufficient to prejudice me in favour of a person who may have no other claim to notice: and you but throw a perfume on the violet, in giving it so lavishly to one whose own merit demands so much respect and esteem.

My intimacy with Florio has confirmed me in an opinion I have long entertained, that good nature and wit are designed by providence as companions, and that it is an offence against her operations, when they appear divided from each other. We may see that dissatisfaction in each of them, when thus disunited, which is in a state of abstinence and separation. Wit grows peevish and morose; good nature becomes languid and spiritless.

Vivacity of genius, without the benevolence of an affable disposition, is often prejudicial to its owner, and, as it is naturally satirical, disgusting to his friends. It sparkles amiably under the veil of good nature: that heavenly quality softens and improves by that alleviation, the delicacy of its rays, and preserves its vigour, while it adds to its re-

putation. We revere it in such a situation as we do the sun, which at once demands our admiration by its brightness, and preserves us by its influence. When attended by a morose disposition, we may compare it to a comet, whose appearance we indeed admire, but dread the effects of a phenomenon so disgusting to nature.

Malicious wit is impaired by its own vivacity. It may make us feared in the vigour of our age and understanding; but all mankind will rejoice at the decline of so pernicious a faculty.

Good nature, tho' imperfectly amiable, is more desirable for its own sake than wit: it wants, indeed, force and fire, but its useful excesses will always recommend it: especially as its general fault is a profusion of ill-bestowed benefits, not the prosecution of an unjust war with inferior abilities. It is at least inoffensive, where it is not beneficial, and meddles not with arms, which it wants strength to manage.

Florio is happy in both these qualifications. Wit and affability are united in his mind: as the one brightens, the other softens his conversation; his benevolence endeavours to correct, or at least alleviate those blemishes, which his quick apprehension so readily discovers; and seems to turn that superiority his vivacity gives him, to the benefit and improvement of that slow disposition and languid faculty which it excels; and the employment his wit most delights in, is to find out some latent spark of merit in every body, to countenance that benevolence which his good nature inspires him with.

You will not be apprehensive of my deviating from the constant friendship I have had with you, by the engaging character I have given of Florio; but remember that the greatest proof I can give of my reliance on your impartiality, is thus freely praising to you the excellence of another. Besides, I should think I robbed your generous temper of its due, if I did not communicate to you perfections which afford you so much pleasure when you observe them in others, and yet you are wilfully blind to them in yourself. BENEVOLO.

Letter from dr. Franklin to a lady in France.

YOU may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopt a little in one of our walks, and staid sometime behind the company. We had been shewn numberless skeletons, of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation; you know I understand all the inferior animal tongues: my too great application to the study of them, is the best excuse I can give, for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures: but as they in their national vivacity spoke, three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation: I found, however, by some broken expressions, that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a cousin, the other a muscheto; in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life, as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I, you live certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention, but the perfections or imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I have put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her, to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony. 'It was,' says he, 'the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world the Moulin Joly could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that

opinion, since by the apparent motion of the great luminary, that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course—he extinguished in the waters that surround us—and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours; a great age, being no less than 420 minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas! no more: and I must soon follow them; for by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labour in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for in politics (what can laws do without morals?) our present race of ephemera will, in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched: and in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short. My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say I shall leave behind me; and they tell me, I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera, who no longer exists? and what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole *Moulin Joly*, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin? To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflexion of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemera, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever-amiable Brilliant.

Law case. Court of king's bench—London. Before lord Kenyon. July 8, 1790.

Ayers versus Wilkes.

THIS action was to recover of the defendant the freightage of goods, on board the *Hope*, whereof the plaintiff was commander; the circumstances are briefly thus:

The defendant, and the house of messrs. Rowlet, Corp, and co. of New-York, agreed to purchase a cargo of tobacco at Baltimore, to be shipped for London, each to be half concerned; the *Hope*, captain Ayres, was chartered by the defendant, to proceed to Baltimore, to take in her loading, where the defendant also went. The charter-party expressed, that 6l. per ton was to be paid for the tobacco, and to be delivered in London, as per bill of lading.

Messrs. Rowlet, Corp, and co. paid for their moiety of the goods, and Wilkes was to give his bill upon London, for payment of his portion of the cargo. The tobacco, to the amount of 605 hogsheds, was shipped, and the bill of lading specified, that the goods were to be delivered in London to the defendant, or his assigns; on the back of that bill, it was endorsed by mr. Wilkes, to messrs. Richard, Kymer, and co. of London, on condition that they should accept and pay all and singular the bills of exchange, which the shipper should draw upon them, to the order of messrs. Rowlet, Corp, and co. Upon their refusal, this tobacco was to be delivered to Rowlet, Corp, and co. The vessel arrived in London in May, 1789: and the captain, with mr. Forbes, a notary-public, went to the house of messrs. Richard, Kymer, and co. and tendered to them the bill of lading, requesting them to comply with the stipulated terms therein, to which they refused their consent. The captain consequently applied to messrs. Rowlet, Corp, and co. who acceded to the proposal, received the tobacco, and paid the bills: but when the captain demanded his freight, he was desired to apply to the defendant, as messrs. Rowlet and co. were in advance for him.

The objection, on the part of the de-

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ferendant, was, that the captain had not performed the stipulated agreement he was under, which was, to receive his freight previous to the delivery of the goods. Verdict for the plaintiff, 987l.

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On salting beef.

IT is recommended to mercantile people, who put up beef for a foreign market—1st. That in cutting up their beef, they would use a long sharp knife, to cut the flesh—and a steel plate back saw to cut the bone, instead of an ax or cleaver, as the cutting and sawing leaves the meat square and unbruised, and fair to the eye, after salting and packing.

2d. A sure way of putting up beef to remain good and fit for any market for a space of years—Apply to a barrel of pickled or mess beef, cut in 4lb. or 6lb. pieces, half a bushel Liverpool salt, 2 or 3 pounds coarse brown sugar, 4 ounces saltpetre—pack it close,—let your cask be well hooped and pickled. This has been experienced by a friend: these 40 years, who never lost any so put up—only by teeth.

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Amount of duties on goods and of tonnage in the port of Philadelphia, from January 1st to June 30th 1790.

	Duties	Tonnage
First quarter	40,130	4,180
Second quarter	174,957	10,603
Dollars	215,087	14,783

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Comparative view of the principal exports from Philadelphia and Baltimore, for January, February, and March, 1790
Philad. Baltimore.

Barrels of flour,	43,994	43,569
Bushels of wheat,	37,500	41,968
Ditto of corn,	46,168	20,599
Hogsheads of tobacco,	6	127
Tons of pig iron,	118	40
Barrels of bread,	1684	3208

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Instance of the torture in Scotland.

MESS. PRINTERS,

AS a friend to literature, I cannot but be pleased with the spirit of enquiry, which of late appears among
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the writers in your museum; and I sincerely hope, that as this work of yours has such an extensive circulation, it will prove to be the vehicle of communicating much useful information.

I observe several queries, in page 78 of the number for February, respecting the torture, or, as it is sometimes called, the question, a most inhuman practice of Europeans. It is not my design at present to enter into a full detail of that barbarous mode of trial: but I will give you an instance of its use, in the kingdom of Scotland as late as the year 1666.

Hugh M'Kaile, a young preacher at Edinburgh, about the time of the ejection of the non con ministers, delivered a sermon, in which he observed, "that the people of God had been persecuted by a Pharaoh on the throne, a Haman in the state, and a Judas in the church." An attempt was made to apprehend him: but he escaped, and went out of the kingdom. At his return, about three years afterwards, he for a while joined a party in Scotland, who were rising in opposition to some arbitrary measures; but was obliged, through indisposition of body, to quit his connexion with them. However, being apprehended with a sword in his hand, he was brought to examination before the privy council of Scotland, December 4, 1666; when they ordered the executioner to put his leg into the boot, and proceed to the torture. The violent compression of his flesh, sinews, and bones, by force of the wedge and hammer, even to ten or eleven strokes, with considerable intervals, produced no farther confession, than what he had before made, viz. that he had joined the party and was deserting them, when apprehended. He was afterward condemned, and hanged at Edinburgh.

It is observed in the account of his life, that this torture of the boot had not been practised before in Scotland, within the memory of any person living; but being then introduced "and violently urged by the prelates," it was afterwards frequently used, until the revolution, when "with other inhuman and barbarous tortures, made use
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of in that period, it was justly complained of and abrogated. S E N E X.

An account of the sea vessels belonging to the port of Baltimore, on the 16th of August, 1790.

27 Ships,	6701 Tons.
1 Snow,	80
31 Brigantines,	3770
34 Schooners,	2454
9 Sloops,	559
<hr/> 102	<hr/> 13,564 Tons.

Extract of a letter from mr. Thomas Livezey, of the county of Philadelphia, to mr. Clifford, dated 14th July, 1790, on the manufacture of wine from the grapes of America—read before the Burlington society for the promotion of agriculture and domestic manufactures, September 4, 1790.

ABOUT the latter end of the ninth month (September) or about the first white frosts, we gather the grapes, which with us grow along old fences and hedge-rows. When we have got them brought home, we pick all the grapes, both ripe and green, which are juicy, from the stems or branches; and generally allow two bushels, a little heaped, when thus picked from the stems, to a barrel. When the grapes are thus picked and measured, we mash them between our hands by a small quantity at a time, either in earthen pans, or other small vessels; and put them, when mashed, all together into a large tub, and add a little water, so as to soak the pumice. After stirring the water and mashed grapes well together, we squeeze the grapes out from the liquor with our hands, as clean as we can; and then throw the pumice into a separate tub, straining the liquor through a hair sieve. If the juice seem not to be all out of the grapes, at one soaking and squeezing, which it seldom is, we put water to the pumice, and squeeze them over again, until by repeated soaking and squeezing, there appears no virtue left in them. We take

care not to put too much water at first, lest there should be more than the cask will hold; and if it do not fill the cask, we fill it up afterwards with water. To the liquor thus prepared, we add two pounds of good dry six-penny sugar per gallon, stirring it in the tub until all the sugar be dissolved. We let it remain in the tub: and in a day or two, it ferments, and a scum arises on the top, which must be skimmed off, before tuning up the wine. This being done, we put the wine into the cask, but do not bung it up tight. There is generally a fermentation in it in the spring following, when the grape-vines are in blossom: but racking it off just before that season, will prevent its working too much. If it be wanted to be soon ripe for use, we put a quart of good old brandy, after it is racked off, to a barrel, and give it air, by letting the bung be quite loose.

Geographical description of Bachelor's island.

When Hymen's torch glows in the marry'd breast,
All wand'ring passions are at rest:
In constant love we ev'ry pleasure find,
And ev'ry solace in a female mind.

BACHELOR's island is situated on the burning sands of the deserts of folly, where even the savage inhabitants of the forest seldom venture to tread. It is bounded on the east, by the regions of affectation, vanity, and deceit; on the north, by the territories of fear and cowardice; on the south, by the burning zone of remorse, disease, and death; and, on the west, by the dead lake of oblivion. Hence it is easily to be supposed, that the air of this island is sultry, enervating, and pestiferous—exposed to perpetual scenes of storm, hurricane, and tempest: and its climate, like the minds of its inhabitants, is never settled for an hour. The spring of Bachelor's island totally differs from that of any other I have hitherto read of: as that is here the season of the most pernicious heat, and in which the generality of its inhabitants are possessed with

a kind of madness, the most destructive to themselves, the most injurious to every civilized country, and the most subversive of unguarded innocence. Those, who weather out the spring, and live to see the summer, though they lose a great degree of their madness, yet in that season they become artful, hypocritical, and treacherous. Their winter is truly despicable, indeed; since, among all nations upon earth, you cannot express your contempt of a man more pointedly, than by calling him an old bachelor—a thing that lives only for itself—a thing that has no social harmony in its soul—a thing that cares for nobody, and whom nobody regards—a thing that, like a mushroom, delights in bogs and morasses, but hates the generous warmth of the noon-day sun. Though the natives of this miserable island make those of the isle of matrimony, the constant object of their ridicule, yet there have been numberless instances of their stealing from their own island into that of matrimony, where they have prevailed on some good-natured easy creatures to become their nurses and restorers, after their constitutions have been nearly ruined in their former miserable abodes: for, in the isle of matrimony, though clouds now and then gather over it, yet they serve only to render the remainder of the day more brilliant and chearful. In Bachelor's island, love is a thing much talked of, but totally unknown to them; and they are hated and despised, robbed and plundered, by the objects of their miserable embraces. If cards be the usual diversions of the people on the island of matrimony, they are considered only as an amusement: but, on Bachelor's island, they are productive of the most shocking vices, such as the grossest scenes of drunkenness and debauchery, the total ruin of their private fortunes—and even murder itself sometimes is the consequence. How many have quitted this island, and fled to that they so much despised, in order to repair their ruined fortunes, by seeking a rich and amiable partner? Bachelor's isle is a mere desert, incapable of producing any thing but nettles, thorns, and briars;

here are no bleating lambs to please the eye of innocence; here doves to cherish their young, nor does the useful fawn bound over their barren plains; but wolves, tigers, and crocodiles, are here seen in abundance. Here are neither wife nor children to weep over the ashes of the deceased: but owls hoot, ravens croak, and the reptiles of the earth crawl over their graves. In short, of all animals that ever nature produced, an old bachelor must be the most contemptible: he lives a useless being on earth, dies without having answered the end of his creation, in opposition to the mandate of his great Maker, and is at last assigned to ever to oblivion.

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Julia, or the penitent daughter: an affecting history.

AMONG the unfortunate citizens, who were involved in the calamities occasioned by the famous Mississippi scheme in France, were monsieur and madame de Gourville, once as much distinguished by their affluent situation as by their exemplary virtues. This excellent pair retired to a remote village, with the slender remains of their fortune, and, conforming to the sad reverse, monsieur de Gourville dissuaded not to submit to the lowest rural occupations: for true philosophy teaches the good man to yield to unavoidable misfortune with dignity and resignation.

It was not for himself he suffered, but for a beloved wife; apprehensive that her delicate mind could not reconcile itself to the severity of her situation. Few know how to reflect with wisdom on this dream of life, and to render it as instructive as it is visionary. The fair sex, from the tenderness of their frame, bear calamity with yet less fortitude than men. Madame de Gourville, indeed, adored her husband; and to what trials will not love submit? True tenderness in its sacrifices knows no bounds; and, in courage and heroism, often surpasses the noblest efforts of reason and of virtue.

This valuable woman was not devoid of a sweet philosophy, that taught her

to conceal her tears from her husband; nor did the maternal duties fail to alleviate her chagrin, and to reconcile her to humble mediocrity. Her whole attention was devoted to the education of a son and daughter, of whom she conceived the most flattering hopes. Julia, (for that was the name of the daughter) discovered the winning charms that every day open more and more; and in her brother they perceived the finest traces of a manly and virtuous soul.

A nobleman, who had known monsieur de Gourville in happier days, came to the village where this respectable family resided. On discovering the father, he instantly offered to introduce his son into the army, and to take his fortune upon himself. This offer was too great to be resisted by paternal tenderness: and the brave youth, animated by virtuous hope, hesitated not to leave his excellent parents and affectionate sister.

All their cares were now devoted to their daughter. With a delighted eye, they beheld her increasing beauty and ripening virtues. An elegant figure, the sprightliness of unaffected wit, an extreme sensibility, eyes sparkling with vivacity, yet looking inexpressible tenderness, in a word, a certain sweet assemblage of graces far superior to beauty—these presented but a faint idea of the captivating Julia; who, on her part, failed not to reward the affection of her parents with all the amiable attentions of filial piety.

But monsieur de Gourville was still to know severer trials. An oppressive lawsuit completed the ruin of his fortunes. Yet the unhappy pair, in proportion as their calamities increased, seemed to possess a nobler elevation of soul—supported by those sentiments of religion, which afford unshaken consolation. They soothed each other with unceasing kindness, and for a few moments could even forget their misery; but, when they beheld their daughter, ten thousand apprehensions for her welfare incessantly tormented them.

A relation of madame de Gourville, who resided at Paris, is informed of their

deplorable situation, and presses them to send their daughter to her. After a variety of severe conflicts and resolutions, the hopes, that it would be of important advantage to their Julia, induce them to consent to the proposal.

They are now near the moment of this cruel separation. They press their child to their bosom. They cannot speak. They weep. 'No, my best of parents,' exclaims Julia, 'never will I leave you. I owe my life—I owe the love of virtue to you; and it is mine to support you under the weight of misfortune. No situation can be disgraceful, if unsullied by vice; and I will submit without reluctance to all—to every thing to lighten the woes of my beloved parents. Must I be reduced to servitude? I will fly to it, if I can but be of the least assistance to you. I will intrude them to let me steal only a moment in the day to see you—to weep on your bosom—to tell you, that your daughter knows no other happiness, but that of living where you are.'—'Oh my daughter,' said madame de Gourville, 'It is your tenderness only, that embitters this separation. Heaven begins to smile upon us. Our dear child, at least, will be delivered from the severity of our fate. She will be with our relation, in a situation suitable to her birth. In this idea, we shall bear our sorrows with more resignation—we shall be happy in being assured that you always love us.'—'Ah! my dearest mother,' interrupted Julia, 'think you that your daughter can ever forget you? If I leave you, it will be only with the hope that I shall yet be useful to you. Oh! my beloved parents, what happiness will be mine, if my new situation enable me to wipe away your tears—to evince my duty—my gratitude—my love!'

The moment arrives. Madame de Gourville now assumes a firmer tone. 'Never forget, my Julia, the lessons of a mother, to whom you will be ever dear. Remember, that virtue is more inestimable than riches, and even than life itself. Oh!' continued the tender mother, all in tears, 'much sooner

would I hear of your death, than your dishonour. My dearest daughter, our lives must have a period—but infamy is everlasting. Alas! the world is full of seduction; and deviation is but too easy. Let us earnestly hope, that our examples will be ever before you.'

They now lead their daughter to the coach, again give her the most affecting advice, the tenderest caresses, and return to their house, dissolved in all the bitterness of grief.

An aged domestic, named Marianne, had accompanied monsieur and madame de Gourville to their retreat. Her heart ennobled her lowly station. Sacrificing her interest to an uncommon virtue, she hesitated not to follow the hard fortunes of a master and a mistress whom she loved. In vain did they urge her to seek another place, representing that they could not even maintain her. 'What then?' answered the worthy woman, weeping: 'I will work elsewhere when you do not want me. I will steal from the hours of sleep to gain my living; and very little will suffice. No, I will never leave you.' Monsieur and madame de Gourville, melting into tears, embraced Marianne, who, in return, would only respectfully kiss their hands. Having been present at the birth of Julia, she felt all the grief of madame de Gourville for the loss of her young mistress. She was charged to accompany Julia, and to see her safe under the roof of the relation, who had continued unceasingly to solicit her arrival.

They arrive at the house of madame de Subigny; for that was the name of this relation. Marianne, mingling her tears with the tears of Julia, left her, making a thousand protestations of unalterable affection for her parents.

Madame de Subigny was a widow with a competent fortune. She was fond of the world to distraction: and, without an understanding to recollect the duties of her age and situation, she had reached her fiftieth year, and was ever seen in the circles of the young and gay—acting as it were from a kind of instinct, blind to the future, and with scarce discernment enough for the mo-

ment. This was the woman with whom Julia was to reside.

Madame de Gourville, indeed, knew little more of her relation than by name. The observations of Marianne, notwithstanding her simplicity, were certainly calculated to alarm her mistress: but the virtuous and the good do not easily suspect; and thus they subjected themselves to errors, which often are fatal to their peace.

The education of Julia was now very different; for never did her new friends converse on the duties and the rewards of virtue. She was in her sixteenth year. Self admiration began to succeed to filial affection, that sweet sentiment, which seldom lives in a perpetual round of pleasure. Her charms were continually the theme of the most seductive flattery. Extravagant compliments, devoid of sense and truth, incessantly assailed her ears, and in time were heard without disgust.

Julia accompanied madame de Subigny to the theatre, to the public walks, and into every circle. In these scenes of dissipation, she heard the most pernicious discourses, which, repeated in a variety of forms, all tended to establish the favourite maxims of freethinkers and libertines. Her heart was now a picture, from which the fine colouring of virtue gradually faded away. Yet still she would fain observe the excellent lessons she had imbibed from her parents: but to be sixteen—to be adored—yet not in the elevated situation, that can command the elegancies of dress—was too much for a heart in which vanity was predominant. In this variety of parties, Julia attached herself to a madame de Sauval, who, in the sequel, hurried into vice a heart which had not entirely forgotten the early sentiments of innocence.

Madame de Sauval affected an openness of manner: yet in duplicity and falsehood she was intrepid and unsubmitting. She could enter into the minutest particulars of an affair with a semblance of concern and sensibility, which she could command on all occasions; for cunning is the peculiar talent

of weak and little minds. A woman of this character had no difficulty in forming the closest intimacy with the weak madame de Subigny.

Julia was delighted to have a friend to whom she could intrust the secrets of her heart: for these intimacies appear to unthinking youth in the attracting forms of friendship. Sensibility at this tender age, abandons itself to inexperience. The necessity of directing the affections to some object, is not the most trivial cause of its errors and misfortunes. It attaches itself to every object it meets. But was it not enough for madame de Sauval to be herself disgraced in the public opinion? To what purpose could she wish to involve a young person in the same infamy, who was yet struggling against the ascendancy of vice? Were the hearts of the wicked but exposed to view, we should discover with horror, that they have a detestable pleasure in increasing the number of the guilty. Interest, moreover, is another powerful motive, to arm corruption, grown hoary in guilt, against innocence and youth; and, in fact, it was not a mere depravity of morals that induced madame de Sauval to plot the fall of the unsuspecting Julia.

The coquetry of this young creature, her ambition to shine in the circle, and to captivate every eye, did not escape the penetrating view of this abandoned woman. Julia heard her incessantly exclaim: 'What a beautiful shape! But what an odious gown! Why, child, dress is our very life, and you should display your charms to advantage by the elegance of your taste. Ah! were I but of your age, I should know how to improve them. By what silly prejudices are people governed! But when once we begin to think for ourselves, we shall pay little attention to the opinion of the world. It is poverty only that is the object of contempt. Some marks of complaisance,' added this intriguing woman, 'for a gentleman who merits my esteem, and who intends to espouse me, have now changed my situation. From that moment I have begun to

live. I have a house, I have dress, I have jewels—and jewels are the magic of beauty.' Julia profoundly sighs. 'I will not conceal it,' resumed madame de Sauval, whom the sigh did not escape; 'but in your situation I should be decided. What do you expect from your aunt? She has but little fortune; nor is she immortal. Julia, beautiful as you are, and with your birth, would you degrade yourself to the employment of a lady's woman?'

At this question, Julia could not conceal some emotion of indignation, this same Julia, who, before she left her parents, would have embraced the meanest occupation with joy, if the purity of her morals had required the sacrifice.

The artful advocate of vice now added: 'In this humble station, though you should be a paragon of virtue, the world will never believe it. They will think it impossible that an unfortunate young person, who is handsome, can be so void of understanding as to prefer misery to affluence and ease. Do not fancy that your books, and those pretended good people, the pedagogues of mankind, utter one word of truth. Their fine sentiments are merely to display their talents, and to contradict established opinions with ostentation. The only pursuit of sensible people is affluence and pleasure. I know all the fine reflexions to the contrary. They are doubtless admirable! But in the warmth of my friendship for you, I must point out the real, not the imaginary good.'

'How,' exclaims Julia—'shall I be wanting to my family—to honour?'—'Charmingly said, my child,' replied madame de Sauval; 'I have indulged myself in such fine declamations before you. I have had my family, my honour, and my morals too, quite like other folks! My dear Julia, at your age, one is very romantic. Sentiment is the idol of inexperienced hearts, the gay chimera that enraptures and deceives. But we must resort to the safer lessons of experience. One is not always young, my sweet friend; our years insensibly steal away; repentance appears in the train of misfortune; and

our folly is irreparable. To have neglected the brightest moments of life, and to be abandoned to unavailing regret, what a sad situation this! But perhaps you have not rightly understood me. In all the occurrences of life, there are some delicate attentions to be observed—a certain manner of keeping well with the world—the great art of saving appearances. Embrace me, my dear friend. Remember, that our secrecy is inviolable. You see what proofs of tenderness I give you. Were you my own child, I could not speak to you with more frankness and affection. Leave every thing to me. I will make you the happiest as well as the loveliest of women.

These insidious conversations were not without effect. Julia started at first at the picture which madame de Sauval presented. This is natural to some persons, while yet unvanquished by the solicitations of vice. Julia views the picture again, and views it with less aversion. She secretly laments her narrow circumstances, runs to her glass, contemplates her charms, and returns to her perfidious adviser.

It was not without design, that these seductive conversations were pursued. A man of gallantry had seen Julia in the public walks, and was passionately smitten with her. He had but little difficulty to engage madame de Sauval in his interest. Julia spent whole days with that wretched instrument of guilt. The same conversations passed; the same allurements were displayed; and every day was Julia less virtuous than before.

Accident brought the marquis de Germuil into the presence of Julia, at one of the parties of madame de Sauval. One may easily divine the character of the marquis, and that no event was ever more concerted than this accident. He was one of those contemptible beings, who pride themselves in the ruin of the sex; and he had already involved a variety of females in calamity and disgrace. The name of Julia was yet wanting to his triumph. He is some moments alone with her. He employs all the arts of seduction, and from the

mouth of Julia, he at length hears the tender confession, that he was not indifferent to her! But this adept in vice presumes not too much upon his success; sensible that virtue must be weakened by imperceptible degrees.

In the mean time, Julia could not banish the recollection of her virtuous parents; and she would often ruminate on the delightful hours of infancy. She was sensible, that her innocence was not unimpaired, and that she was yielding to the tenderness of a man she already loved. The guilty Sauval sometimes found her in tears, with the pen in her hand, intending to write to her parents. This odious woman involved her again in the toils, from which she would fain have disengaged herself. She dwelt on the brilliancy of such a conquest as that of the marquis de Germuil, and reminded her continually, that at her age, fortune and pleasure were the only objects of attention.

(To be continued.)

Kent-county, ff.

Court of common pleas: May term, 1790.

Joseph Sawyer, negro,	} Petition for
vs.	
Abraham Saunders.	} freedom.

ABRAMHAM SAUNDERS, an inhabitant of the state of Maryland, in the month of February, 1790, hired negro Joseph to a certain Broxen, of Newcastle county, in the Delaware state. The hiring took place in Maryland: and Broxen immediately brought Joseph into Delaware. Saunders, at the time of the contract, knew that Broxen resided in Delaware, and that he intended to bring Joseph here also.

The council for Joseph grounded his claim of freedom, on the seventh section of the act of assembly, passed the third of February, 1787, entitled, "An act to prevent the exportation of slaves, and for other purposes;" which enacts, that "if any person or persons shall, after the passing of this act, bring any negro or mulatto slave into this state for sale, or otherwise, the said ne-

gro or mulatto slave is hereby declared free to all intents and purposes." It was urged, that the word, 'otherwise' should be construed to mean, for barter or hire, as the tenth section has only excepted persons travelling through or moving into the state, with their slaves: and as it is most reasonable to suppose, the legislature intended to prevent the increase of negro slaves by importation. —That although Saunders was not actually the agent, in bringing Joseph here, yet as he hired him to Broxen, for the express purpose of his being brought here, and as it was done with his privity and consent, he might very properly be said to have sent him.

On the other hand, it was contended for Saunders, that this was a penal statute, and that the court should not extend it beyond a sale; that as no other matter was expressly mentioned by name, it might well be governed by the known construction of penal statutes. —That Saunders neither brought nor sent him into this state, and could not possibly come within the description of the act.

But the court thought the case entirely within the intention of the act, and therefore adjudged the petitioner to be a free man.

Kent county, Delaware, June, 1790.

MESS. PRINTERS,

AS many persons doubt the existence of the mermaid, I send you for the museum an extract from a very scarce pamphlet, entitled, "A discourse and discovery of Newfoundland, by captain Richard Whitbourne: London 1622." O. B.

NOW also I will not omit to relate something of a strange creature which I first saw here in the year 1610. In the morning early, as I was standing by the river side, in the harbour of St. John's, a surprising creature came very swiftly swimming towards me, looking cheerfully in my face. It was like a woman by the face, eyes, mouth, nose, chin, ears, neck and forehead. It seemed to be as beautiful,

and in those parts as well proportioned. Round the head, it had many blue streaks, resembling hair, but certainly it was not hair. Yet I beheld it long, and another of my company also, yet living, that was near me. At its approach, I stepped back, for it was come within the length of a long pike of me. I had seen huge whales and other great fish spring a great height above water, and so might this strange creature do to me, if I had stood still where I was. By its actions, I verily believe it had such a purpose; but when it saw, that I went from it, it did thereupon dive a little under water, and swam towards the place, where a little before I had landed, often looking back towards me, whereby I beheld the shoulders and back down to the middle, to be square, white, and smooth as the back of a man: and from the middle to the hinder part, it was pointing, in proportion something like a broad crooked arrow. How it was in the fore part, from the neck and shoulders downward, I could not well discern.

It came shortly after to a boat in the same harbour, wherein was my servant, William Hawkridge, since captain of a ship to the East Indies. This creature put both its hands on the side of the boat, and did strive much to come in to him and divers others then in the said boat; whereat they were afraid: and one of them struck it a full blow on the head, whereby it fell off from them; but afterward it came to two other boats in the said harbour—as they lay near the shore, the men in them for fear fled to land, and beheld it. This, I suppose, was a merman or mermaid. As there are others that have written of these creatures, I have presumed to relate what I have seen, and is most certainly true.

HE that lays open his vanity in public, acts no less absurdly than he that lays open his bosom to an enemy, whose drawn sword is pointed against it; for every man hath a dagger in his hand ready to stab the vanity of another, wherever he perceives it.